The Wellsboro Gazette.

VOL. XLI — WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915. — NO. 33.

DEATH OF HENRY C. COX.

Passes Away at Home of Son in Scranton After a Short Illness.

Henry C. Cox, aged 66 years, of this borough, died last Saturday morning at 11:30 at the home of his son, Homer F. Cox, in Scranton. But few people in Wellsboro were aware that Mr. Cox had been ill and the announcement of his death was a severe shock to his many friends.

Mr. Cox, who had always enjoyed the best of health, suffered an acute attack of asthma about two months ago. Last month his son Homer came here and took him to Scranton, where, with good nursing and treatment, he expected to restore him to health in a short time. All efforts failed, however, other complications developing which resulted in his death.

Henry Charles Cox was born in Liberty township. When his father raised the 207th Regiment he enlisted in August, 1864, and served til the close of the war, being discharged with his comrades in June, 1865. When Gen. R. C. Cox was elected Prothonotary in 1872 Henry became his deputy. He served in that capacity during the whole career of his father in office for twenty-one years. During the time that Edson J. Catlin has been Prothonotary Mr. Cox has been his deputy, so that in all he has held the office of Deputy Prothonotary of Tioga county for thirty years.

In 1896 and 1897 he was cashier of the First National Bank and when the Tioga County Savings and Trust Company was established he was treasurer of that institution for a time. He was for some years a member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. He was always an ardent sportsman and lover of nature. For some years he had been a State Forest Ranger and discharged his duties with fidelity. He was an active member of the George Cook Post, G. A. R., of Wellsboro.

In early life Mr. Cox married Miss Werline, of Liberty, who died about the time her son Homer was born. Some 18 or 20 years later he married Miss Anna S. Illick, who was a teacher in the Wellsboro schools. She died a few years later.

The remains were brought to Wellsboro from Scranton on Monday and the funeral was held from Mr. Cox's late residence Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. A. C. Shaw officiating. Cook Post had charge of the ritual service at the cemetery.

Little Marsh Matters.

Little Marsh, April 14.—The five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Taylor died Monday morning. The funeral will be held to-day at the home.

The Little Marsh telephone central has been moved from the home of J. L. Graves to the hall over the blacksmith shop, with Messrs. Seward Wattles and Lee Mosher as operators.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Davis, of Middlebury were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Roberts.

Owing to the bad condition of the roads in this vicinity there was no church services held here Sunday evening.

Mrs. John Hotelling, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is reported better.

Mrs. Samuel Spurgeon, of Elmira, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Carpenter.

Mrs. Della Button, of Keeneyville, while visiting her daughter, Mrs. Earl Ferris, was taken seriously ill and is still under Dr. Kennedy's care.

Lawrenceville Locals.

Lawrenceville, April 14.—The ladies of the M. E. church gave an interesting entertainment at Eaton's opera house Friday evening. Ice cream was served after the entertainment.

It is reported that Frank Schonher is slowly recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Andrews are rejoicing over the arrival of a nine pound boy. He will be known as Charles Merritt.

Snow banks are still to be seen in the streets of Lawrenceville.

Harold Legett, who has typhoid pneumonia, is reported to be in a very critical condition.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nichols were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Satterlee.

Arthur Rice, who was removed to the Blossburg Hospital, is improving slowly after an attack of typhoid pneumonia.

William Swimelar, who has been having a serious time with blood poison in his foot, is slowly recovering.

"The Junior" To-Morrow Evening.

Don't forget the college comedy, "The Junior," to be presented at the Auditorium to-morrow evening by the Senior Class of the High School, for the benefit of their Washington trip fund. The story of the play follows:

Ned Moore, a Junior in Lakeville University, has been "joshed" by the Seniors and determines to get even with them. He therefore starts a rumor that the University is to admit "co-eds" and in order to give color to the rumor dresses himself as a girl and poses as a girl student who has just arrived at Lakeville. The Seniors are fooled. They protest against co-education, and threaten to make it "hot" for the new co-ed. They run across Janet Hale, who is a visitor, and mistake her for the co-ed. The Seniors get out of their scrape, and Ned Moore wins Janet, with whom he is in love.

Buy your tickets of members of the class. Prices, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

SPRING MEETING OF D. A. R.

Interesting Session Held at Home of Mrs. William O'Connor.

The 77th meeting of the Wellsboro Chapter D. A. R., was held last Saturday at the home of Mrs. Wm. O'Connor—Mrs. O'Connor and Mrs. Frank Pagan acting as hostesses.

At one p. m. a delicious luncheon was served. Mrs. O'Connor's beautiful home was made still more attractively by the color scheme of pink which was charmingly carried out in the house and table decorations and place cards.

In the absence of our Regent, Mrs. E. H. Ross, of Mansfield, Third Vice Regent, presided.

The meeting having been called to order the chapter was led in the usual devotionals. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted. The History Prize Committee reported that Prof. Cass, Instructor in History at the Mansfield Normal School, would grade the history papers.

Mrs. Wickham, the chairman of the committee on marking the graves of Revolutionary soldiers, requested the members of the various sections of the county to secure a list of the unmarked graves of Revolutionary soldiers in their community and to send the list to Mrs. E. H. Ross.

It was decided not to instruct Mrs. C. W. Webb, the delegate to the Continental Congress to be held this month.

It was voted to contribute $25 this year toward the Memorial Continental Hall debt.

Mrs. Owlett having asked to be relieved of the chairmanship of the committee on by-laws, Mrs. Snyder was appointed by the presiding regent to succeed her.

It was announced that the May meeting will be held at the Presbyterian church at 1 p. m.

Mrs. Shattuck and Mrs. F. E. Rose were appointed auditors for the treasurer's books for this year.

The keynote of the literary program of the day was "Efficiency." The efficiency of the colonial women was portrayed by Mrs. Sykes' amusing and instructive paper, entitled "Interesting Colonial Women, Their Work and Influence." She gave many interesting anecdotes concerning these women of colonial times who endured hardship for conscience sake and for love of husbands and fathers. It is recorded of Sarah Morris that when she married Joseph Richardson, her father placed her in one scale, balancing her weight with gold in the other for a marriage dower. The family chronicle quaintly adds that she was of exceeding small stature. We regret that Mrs. Sykes' paper cannot be published in full.

Next on the program came a general discussion by the chapter of the question, "What May the Wellsborough Chapter Do to Increase Its Efficiency." The discussion was led by Mrs. Crichton, who stated by way of definition that efficiency means the opposite of being a square peg in a round hole; it means being a good cog in a great machine that helps to move something.

By way of discussion Mrs. Baldwin considered that we are already efficient in that we mark the graves of Revolutionary soldiers and we preserve relics of former days. She considers that women to-day are too restless and that we are already doing our share by being efficient housekeepers and by not branching into any other line of work.

Mrs. Clark considered that we can stand for true patriotism and can promote peace; that we must do all in our power to abate that which is inharmonious. She brought forth the fact that we ought if possible to establish any peace movement possible to aid the State officers of our society.

Continuing this discussion Mrs. Wickham urged the members to read the D. A. R. magazine in order that we may become better acquainted with the workings of the State and national committees and thus increase the efficiency of the great machine, the D. A. R., of which we are a part.

Mrs. Ross cited an instance that occurred in the middle west among the German-American population that cast a reflection upon our nation and our ancestors. She says we ought to howl that we are Americans and should stand up for the principles of our nation.

Mrs. Crichton then read a letter from the Regent, Mrs. Watrous, in which she makes several suggestions of ways by use of which she thinks the Chapter could secure a greater degree of efficiency. She suggested the reading of the by-laws at least once a year in open session and a study of parliamentary law to make the business meetings less lengthy. Most important of all she suggested that we adopt some project to help those in our own community, such as a club room where young people away from home may meet socially and receive their friends in a proper place, instead of sending our money to some far away institution.

There was some discussion over using the public square for entertainments and amusements such as the Chautauqua and the merry-go-round, which furnished music throughout the meeting. Those interested in child welfare considered it best to allow the present conditions to exist until we furnish public play grounds for our children.

The meeting adjourned about four o'clock. Forty-two daughters and three guests were present: Miss Anna Shaw, a member of the Jersey Shore Chapter, of Jersey Shore; Mrs. W. R. Straughn, of Mansfield, and Mrs. E. A. Ryon, of Wellsboro.

The following out of town daughters were present: Mrs. Mary U. Baldwin and Mrs. T. A. Wickham, of Tioga; Mrs. Susan B. Cass, Mrs. H. Z. Frisbie, Mrs. C. L. Pattison and Mrs. W. Warren, of Elkland; Mrs. Minnie C. Clark, Mrs. M. F. Rose, Mrs. W. D. Rose and Mrs. E. H. Ross, of Mansfield; Mrs. G. H. Danks and Miss Catherine R. Wood, of Knoxville; Mrs. G. C. Robertson, of Madison, N. J.; Miss Gertrude Seely and Mrs. Sylvina B. Tubbs, of Oceola; Mrs. George Sykes, of Galeton and Mrs. A. W. Vaughn of Elmira.

Methodist Church Notes.

The Epworth League business meeting was held Monday night. The rules and regulations governing the athletic ground were adopted and will be posted at the grounds this week. Steps were taken for a social gathering at an early date.

Mrs. Kiefer entertained Circle No. 2 Tuesday afternoon.

The Woman's Missionary Society gave a very delightful tea last Friday evening at the church. Socially, it was a splendid success. The men of the church will go them one better next Wednesday evening, April 21st, when they will serve a "Butterfly" supper from 6 to 8 o'clock. The men only will serve "Hot Cakes Off the Griddle" and other things making a palatable menu. Chief Butler Smith is lining up the chief bakers and numerous other committees to take care of all the details of the evening. The waiters as well as the room and tables are to be decorated in a unique manner. The supper is only 25 cents and the invitation general.

Thursday evening prayer meeting topic, "The Witness of the Spirit." The choir meets at 8 o'clock.

The choir music last Sunday was greatly enjoyed by all present, though a number of voices were absent because of severe colds. We hope these will be back in place for Thursday evening's practice and all others who wish to join the choir this spring. The special music for next Sunday will include "Kyrie Eleison," "Apostle's Creed" by Pusey-Kieth, "Jubilate Deo" by Calkins, a vocal solo by Miss Daily and organ postlude march.

Each member of the church is asked to co-operate with the come-with-me-to-church campaign in which we are engaged during the coming three months. Let us not forget this little feature of cooperation which means so much in the life of a church.

Next Sunday morning the pastor will continue the series of the post Easter sermons. The subject will be "Doubting Thomas." In the evening he will continue the sermon of last Sunday morning on "The Realized Presence."

Outgrown Working Man's Class.

A subscriber of the Gazette who signs himself "A Working Man," writes as follows:

"Editor of Gazette—Being a constant reader of a daily paper and having observed that there has been considerable complaint manifested in the House of Representatives over the alleged extravagance in the use of automobiles by William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, it was highly gratifying to me to see the exposure of Wilson's "Jeffersonian simplicity" in the last issue of the Gazette.

"Wilson was placed in the Cabinet because he stumped for Wilson and after he had been defeated for Congressman in this district and also because he was a member of a Mine Worker's Union, and now it is claimed that he has four automobiles, all paid for by the government. The garage charges for Secretary Wilson's machines amounted to $597.41 during 1914. It does seem he has outgrown the working man's class."

Have Shown Unfitness in Many Ways.

Outside of the chaotic condition of business, there has probably been no one particular thing that Wilson's administration has been criticized more for than its political appointments. The administration advisers, from Secretary of State down, have shown their unfitness in many ways. Those who have had the matter of making appointments in charge have shown a seeming lack of judgment in many instances. Over in Wellsboro, Tioga county, Editor Frank Conevery, who has run a Democratic newspaper for years, was turned down for postmaster, although Conevery, like some other Democratic editors, was considered the "logical candidate." But Conevery has a backbone. He does not propose to submit supinely when other political bosses like A. Mitchell Palmer are pulling in Presidential appointments on the Federal Court of Claims bench at $6,500 per annum for life.—Montrose Independent Republican.

A New Kind of Joy Water.

In some of the neighboring dry counties a new drink known as "jinkie" has recently been introduced. "Jinkie" is a joy water anybody can make with the proper ingredients and it is said to have a kick that would put some of the old-fashioned woodsmen's whiskey to shame. It is a concoction of Jamaica ginger and any soft drink.

Over in Clearfield county an Italian has been arrested, charged with violating the liquor law in selling "jinkey". In the case at hand, according to the testimony, the victim buys the soft drink and then the ginger and mixes them on the spot, with the result of a hilarious drunk at the lowest possible cost. It is said that the depression afterward is as great as the joy directly following the dose.

—George Abel, of Blossburg, visited friends in town last week.

TURNED OUT AS WE EXPECTED.

William B. Wilson a Man Who Has Been Greatly Overrated.

(From the Smethport Democrat.)

During March, 1911, the writer, in common with hosts of other Democrats from all sections of the State, invaded the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce for the purpose of listening to the essay read by Vance McCormick on the reorganization of the Democratic party of the State. Vance had the backing of a part of the Democratic Congressional delegation from Pennsylvania. Among the few national lawmakers present on that occasion was "Billy" Wilson, of Tioga county, at that time representing the 15th district in the Lower House.

This was the first time we had ever set eyes on this wonderful man, and if we said that we were stuck on the general outlines of the Tioga Congressman we would be stating what was not true. According to our way of thinking Congressman Wilson was a man who would not impress any man with good judgment that he was a man of wonderful statesmanship, and after we had listened to his address on that occasion we were fully convinced that he was not a public speaker who would set the world on fire, even during a dry spell. In fact after listening to that address we were fully impressed with the idea that William B. Wilson was a man who had been greatly overrated, and from that day to this we have never changed our opinion of the man.

Up to last week we had never suspected that "Billy" Wilson was anything other than some sort of a Democrat, but according to the testimony of our friend Conevery, editor of the Wellsboro Gazette, who for many years has been conducting that staunch and true exponent of Democracy, "Billy" Wilson is and has been a Democrat of the same breed as Dewey-Benson, who has just been appointed by a Democratic President to the position of postmaster at Mt. Jewett, this county, solely upon the recommendation of Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, of Stroudsburg, or in other words a no better Democrat than the devil would be if his satanic majesty was a candidate for some lucrative public office.

We had always believed that Benson was the only man in the State who could flimflam the people and make them believe that he was a Democrat, when he had never yet shown a single symptom that he was at any time in his life within forty [illegible] of having a sympathy for the Democratic party, further than to deceive the party into voting to place him in some lucrative office that he might betray them at the first opportunity. After reading what the Wellsboro editor has to say we take it that our readers will have the same opinion of the Tioga statesman, who is holding down the job of Secretary of Labor in President Wilson's cabinet of national misfits at Washington, D. C., as we have.

["'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true" that William B. Wilson has been greatly overrated as a statesman, this fact having been conclusively proven beyond a doubt on various and many occasions during his checkered career as Congressman from this district—and still more positively and conclusively proven since his installation as a member of President Wilson's Cabinet. The position for which he was assigned is too big for the mental calibre of the man. Wilson was all right and in his proper sphere and element as a labor agitator, but as a statesman he has proved a dismal failure.—[Ed. Gazette.]

VIOLATED GAME LAWS.

Fined $10 for Fishing Out of Season—A Wedding and Other Notes.

Gaines, April 13.—Winfred Dewey, of Marshlands, and Miss Delilah Gorton, of Mansfield, were married at Elmira last week. The bride is well and favorably known in this section. She graduated from the Mansfield Normal with the class of 1910 and has taught successfully for the past five years.

The groom is one of our successful young business men. After June 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey will reside at Marshlands, where Mr. Dewey conducts a general store.

Frank Nicholas, of Lyman Run, was arrested last Friday for fishing out of season. He was taken to Galeton and fined $10 and costs. Its getting to be rather expensive and troublesome to break the game and fish laws in this [illegible].

Joseph Gorton, of Mansfield, visited friends here last Sunday.

Lee Kohler, [illegible] Patton and Leo Bailey attended a [illegible] at Galeton last Friday night.

D. H. [illegible], of Galeton, spent several days at [illegible] Hill last week. He was [illegible] for the fishing season.

[illegible] Bailey made a business trip to [illegible] last Friday.

Charles Ba[illegible] is employed at Lee Kohler's.

"Cap" Bailey has rented his farm and joined his family at Mansfield.

Eugene Longwell, for many years a resident of this place, has moved to Westfield where he has secured a position with the Eberle Tanning Co.

Roy Hazlett has loaded several cars with potatoes for Shults & Co., of Avoca, N. Y.

Fred Files, of Galeton, has moved his bees from Lyman Run to the farm of Samuel Ripley on Elk Run.

—The North American and the Gazette both one year for $4.00.

"THE BOY FARMER."

Story of a True Type of a Wideawake American Country Lad.

It is not often that rural communities are placed in so advantageous a position to read a story which so vitally affects their own daily lives as they now are through the publication of a short serial story, the first chapters of which will appear in this issue of the Gazette.

The title of the stoy is "The Boy Farmer; or, a Member of the Corn Club. This is the story of a farmer boy who was filled with the ambition to regenerate a wornout farm, to prove to his community that work will do wonders even where a handicap seems greatest. This boy, a true type of wideawake American country lad, sets to work with his hands and especially with his head. He brings from the soil of his wornout land treasures which nobody had hoped for. His knowledge of scientific farming has given him the ability to succeed where others would fail.

How many hundreds of farmer boys, hearing the comments of their elders, look upon farming as a hopeless occupation! In a great many cases they see how hard it is for their fathers to make ends meet because the land, despite diligent work, will not yield a just return. It is not the farmer's fault. He may not know how to apply scientific methods to his land and thereby make it return a profit.

The story of "The Boy Farmer" will bring hope to many a young boy who was born on the farm and who has ambition to be a successful farmer. It will encourage him to overcome the greatest obstacles. The story deals with their life. It presents to them the problems which they have to cope with day by day. It brings with it a message of hope to those who have looked with despair on their own land, which may have worn out.

Don't fail to read the opening chapters of "The Boy Farmer." It is illustrated and copyrighted.

Editor Conevery and Billy Wilson.

In keeping with the outrages practiced by the undemocratic State machine, one of the wickedest pieces of ingratitude has been doled out to Editor Frank Conevery, of the Wellsboro Gazette. Mr. Conevery, who is a splendid gentleman, has been editor and publisher for 38 years of the only Democratic paper in Tioga county. During all these years he has preached true Democracy and alone kept the fires a-burning in that Republican stronghold. He was an applicant for postmaster at Wellsboro and had an almost unanimous endorsement of both Democrats and leading citizens of the county. His worthiness and qualification were acknowledged by everybody and there seemed no doubt of his appointment. But to the amazement of the good people of Tioga, the prize was snatched from Mr. Conevery by one he had so often befriended and given to a political understrapper. The ingrate responsible for Mr. Conevery's disappointment is no other than Billy Wilson, Secretary of Labor.—Bradford Star, Democrat.

Neslon News' Notes.

Nelson, April 14.—Ira Sitterly, of Hornell, N. Y., occupied the pulpit in the M. E. church Sunday, both morning and evening. He is a Scout-Commissioner and spoke on Boy Scout work and gave an exposition of the Scout law. All who heard him were well pleased. The Scouts with their leader, Prof. Rex. Dimmick, attended the evening service in a body.

Mrs. A. J. Croffut entertained a small party of guests at dinner in honor of the birthday of Mrs. E. C. Blackwell.

Several of our people attended the funeral of Mrs. Horace Albee at Elkland on Sunday.

P. D. Skinner had a bad accident last Wednesday, which resulted in several broken ribs and other injuries.

Mrs. Dan McChesney is at the Blossburg Hospital, recovering from an operation for appendicitis. She is expected home this week.

Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Barnard are in Bath, attending the big tabernacle meeting being held there.

Stock Sells for Good Prices.

Last week J. Focht & Son, proprietors of the Fochtland stock farm, sold sixteen head of their pure breds at a consignment sale at Allentown, for which they received $2,815.50. Several head brought fancy prices. Highaim Daisy De Kol, a two-year-old, sold for $415; Highaim Ida De Kol, a two-year-old, $400; Princess Sadie De Kol Beets, three-year-old, $300; Fochtland Japonica Beets Ormsby, three-year-old, $250; Lady Alexis, seven-year-old, $225; Lady [illegible] Jewel, two-year-old, $195; [illegible] Hartog Caprice, two-year-old, $[illegible]. The remainder of the consignment were male and female calves and yearlings, which averaged from $[illegible] to $100 each.

More Power to Your Elbow.

The Wellsboro Gazette last week announced its 38th anniversary under its present management, and celebrated the event by cutting lose from the Democratic party, which it had faithfully followed for more than a third of a century. More power to your elbow, or pencil, pen or typewriter, or whatever it is you do your writing with. You are doing just what all newspaper men should do when they are turned down by political bosses whom they have made. Go to it.—Canton Sentinel.

REBUKE TO PALMER.

Lumber Swindlers Sent to Prison—President Refused to Interfere.

John R. Markley, Isaiah B. Miller, Charles M. McMahon and Colonel A. G. Steward, four of the five convicted principals in the $6,000,000 International Lumber and Development Company fraud, began to serve their prison terms in the Eastern Penitentiary last Saturday.

The fifth, William H. Armstrong, Jr., was prevented by sickness from beginning his term of two years' imprisonment.

They were sent to the penitentiary on a charge of conspiracy to defraud. That is the accusation set forth in the papers of commitment. They were sentenced on April 29, 1913, but by the means of wealth, influence and the ingenious use of every technicality of the law they were free men until Saturday afternoon. Then their last recourse failed them. The President of the United States, who had given them 80 days' grace, decided the mandate of the law should be enforced.

Their cases had been bitterly fought through the Federal Courts to the Supreme Court of the United States in a battle lasting more than three years. As a final hope, they appealed to the President for a pardon several weeks ago and he granted them a stay of sentence for one month in order to consider their cases.

The President took up their case at a meeting of his entire Cabinet a few days ago, according to a dispatch from Washington. It is understood that Attorney General Gregory pointed out to the President that the men had been fairly tried and had had their case reviewed several times by Appellate Courts. The Attorney General also showed that there was no new evidence which threw doubt on the five men's guilt. All the members of the Cabinet agreed with the Attorney General and advised the President to refuse the pardon. The President, therefore, announced that he would allow the judgment of the Court to be carried out.

The men were to have begun their prison terms on March 10, but on the eve of that day, hundreds of investors in Philadelphia, who had lost their money in the lumber swindle, were shocked when they heard that the President had allowed a respite for 30 days and was considering a pardon. Immediately there was a howl of protest.

All the Government attorneys who had fought the case through the Courts and had won a victory against the swindlers, united in protesting to the President against a pardon. Attorney General Gregory himself examined the case thoroughly and said it was his opinion that the men were rightly found guilty.

It is said that the International lumber swindlers received $5,000,000 from small investors in Philadelphia and in various parts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. Widows and school teachers were the swindlers' special prey. They sold stock in their company on the statement that they owned immense tracts of timber land in Mexico and other parts of the world, which would make millions for investors. Through the mails they sent out glowing prospectuses which were proved to be false, and it was shown at the trial that they applied to their own uses the funds which small investors had given in payment for stock.

The Washington correspondent of the North American says:

"All the circumstances now indicate so clearly that the President realized he had committed a blunder in yielding to A. Mitchell Palmer, and so plainly revealed his desire to remedy the error, that the summary action taken in rejecting the pardon application without waiting for the usual formal reports and recommendations from the Department of Justice, constitutes a rebuke to Mr. Palmer, whether intended by the President or not.

"Mr. Palmer at the outset was revealed as one who had used the President's personal and political friendship for himself to obtain an executive favor for the convicted swindlers.

"It was obvious that this was done for the benefit of the swindlers and that there was no consideration for the President in the proceeding. So long as the President was not dissatisfied, Mr. Palmer could laugh at expressions of public indignation and could point to his appointment as a Judge of the Court of Claims as refuting any suggestion that the President had been taken advantage of.

"Later developments have shown, however, that the President knows he made a mistake. There are no means of knowing how that realization may have affected the President's regard for Mr. Palmer."

Christian Church Notes.

Our Sunday School reached its highest mark Sunday and we had a very interesting session. The classes of Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Van Valkner are engaged in a contest.

The usual Teacher Training class met at Mrs. Youmar's Monday evening.

Subject for Thursday evening prayer meeting, "Contrary Winds." Following the prayer meeting will be a short Bible drill.

Friday evening the Ladie's Aid will hold the usual supper, choir practice following.

We are looking forward to our anniversary on May, 2, when we hope to have President Serena, of Keuka College, with us. Bro. A. G. Scott, a student at Keuka, is expected to be with us and speak at Hills Creek next Sunday.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Recent Changes in Ownership of Tioga County Property.

Charleston—Henry W. Williams, Ex. of, to Henry A. Corwin; 121 acres, $2,000.

Ward—Allen C. Purvis to George Bolt; 60 acres, $900.

Nelson township—Arnie G. Bower and wife to William Chilson; 9 acres, $800.

Nelson township—David C. Bower to William Chilson; 40 acres, $1,000.

Wellsboro—Edwin Matson to Hattie U. Matson; lot, $3,000.

Blossburg—Frances Bubacz and husband to Walter J. Mahonski; lot, $775.

Wellsboro—H. W. Williams and wife to Margaret W. Rees; lot, $1.

Wellsboro—Albert P. Cone, et al., to M. F. Bailey; lot, $300.

Jackson—John H. Mann to James B. Mathews; 73 acres, $1.

Charleston—Daniel F. Cole to A. P. Dartt; 50 acres, $1,275.

Middlebury—Willard E. Davis and wife to Clarence D. Davis; lot, $1.

Charleston—Chas. F. Schusler and wife to T. E. Carpenter; 37½ acres, $2,600.

Nelson township—Charles VanZile and wife to M. P. M. Manley; 43 acres, $200.

Roseville—Jonah Stout and wife to Jennie G. Elliott; 2 acres, $100.

Mansfield—Lawrence E. Ballard to Wm. L. Magargee and wife; 1.65 acres, $1,000.

Covington township—Geo. T. Coveney, by Sheriff, to Andrew D. Preston; 60½ acres, $110.

Gaines—Mary E. Banning and husband, by Sheriff, to E. M. Atwell; lot, $698.59.

Liberty township—John B. Desmond, et al., by Sheriff, to John B. Desmond; 81 acres, $826.

Elkland—Rachel Emeline Smith and husband to Alfred Nelson; ½ acre, $1,000.

Delmar—Devillo Bolton and wife to Miles Steele; lot, $150.

Clymer—M. E. Stone, et al., to S. E. Ackley; lot, $100.

Gaines—Fred H. Hurlbert to Chas. Emmet Vermilyea; 1 acre, $400.

Hamilton—Elizabeth Rudmitzki and husband to Anna M. Jenkins; 112 acres, $1.

Liberty township—James Brown and wife to Frank Mase; 111 acres, $1,500.

Wellsboro—Wm. A. Spencer and wife to Alice Schusler; 10[illegible] acres, $[illegible].

Knoxville—Rosa Bruno and husband to George Lattimer, et al.; lot, $600.

Charleston—James A. Ballard and wife to Charles L. Wetmore and wife; 25½ acres, $1,800.

Lawrenceville—A. T. Swan and wife to Mary V. Howe; ¼ acre, $3,-000.

Sullivan—Charles L. Maine and wife to Thomas F. Hotchkiss; 39 acres, $1,565.

Wellsboro—Esther Marvin to Wesley M. Marvin; lot, $50.

Rutland and Columbia—Julia Longwell and husband to Helen M. Garrison; 261 acres, $1.

Clymer—C. S. Mascho and wife to Vell Mascho; 100 acres, $2,000.

Charleston—Maggie McInroy to John Badman; 20 acres, $700.

Charleston—David Evans and wife to Nina M. Button; 125 acres, $1.

Charleston—Nina M. Button to David E. Evans and wife; 125 acres, $1.

Shippen—James B. Walker and wife to Jessie B. Bennett; lot, $175.

Shippen—Laura Gee to Shippen Grange, No. 902, P. of H.; lot, $550.

Lawrence—Wm. F. Stratton, by Sheriff, to Howard F. Marsh; 250 acres, $1,200.

Tioga township—G. G. Storms and wife to Emory J. Hoyt; 95.69 acres, $700.

Jackson—Mary H. Bassett to Herbert F. Rozelle; ¼ acre, $500.

Jackson—Herbert F. Rozell and wife to Harry D. Allen; ¼ acre, $500.

Delmar—Mary A. Bacon, et al., by Sheriff, to William F. Schanbacher; 83 acres, $1,200.

Sullivan—Ellen Burley and husband, et al., to John C. Strange; 125 acres, $2,500.

Wellsboro—William T. Schanbacher to Roy J. Dunham; 5¾ acres, $2,-000.

Wellsboro—Sarah M. Dartt and husband, et al., to Arlon E. Stebbins; lot, $2,500.

Union—Thomas G. Ward and wife, et al., to Harry Ward, et al.; 157 acres, $1.

Wellsboro—J. M. Quimby and wife to W. W. Wilcox and wife; lot, $525.

Rutland—Julia Longwell and husband, et al., to Welby Updyke; 100.9 acres, $450.

Richmond—The School Directors of Richmond township to Trustees, First Church of Christ (Canoe Camp); ¼ acre, $100.

Richmond—John Lowasberry to Lewis M. Goodall and wife; lot, $100.

Lawrence—Tillie F. Horton, Ex., to Lewis E. Davenport; 200 acres, $[illegible].

The Late Bertha Sweet.

Niles Valley, April 14.—Bertha Maye Sweet, aged 33 years, died Monday morning, April 5th, at the Williamsport Hospital, of chronic valvular disease, after an illness of nearly nine weeks.

Bertha Sweet was born Feb. 11, 1882, at Niles Valley. She is survived by her parents, Jude and Mary Sweet, also one brother, Frank H. Sweet, all of this place. The funeral was held last Thursday afternoon at the M. E. church, of which the deceased was a faithful member. Rev. Tott[illegible] officiated.

A SONG OF THE CITY

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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Cecilia, coming out of the railroad station, ran headlong into Billy Van Dorn.

"Oh, Billy," she said, with her eyes dancing, "they are making straight for the country—all of them and they are going to hunt the wildflower on its native heath, and transfix the birds with their opera glasses, and quote pastoral poetry; and I am going to stay in town all summer, with no one for company but Aunt Sue and Patty-cat!"

She stopped, breathless, but so radiant with joy and youth that Billy found himself smiling with her.

"Please explain," he demanded. "Who are headed for green fields, and why are you going to stay in town with your aunt?"

"I am staying in town to listen to the song of the city," Cecilia explained, "and the five teachers who do co-operative housekeeping with me in winter are on their way to wood nature "

"Look here!" Billy said solicitously. "Don't you think you ought to go too, Cissy? You've never spent a summer in town and it's an awfully warm proposition."

"You always spend your summers here, don't you?"

"Yes, but that is different. Most men do."

They were out in the city street now, with all the tumult of traffic about them.

"Well, I just couldn't go with that bunch," Cecilia said inelegantly. "I love nature, you know, Billy—the waves on the beach and sunsets over a stretch of prairie, and the wind in the forest, and all that; but I don't love little poky boarding houses, and mosquitoes, and running around in crowds to study birds. So I said I'd stay at home with Patty-cat and Aunt Sue."

"Well," Billy commented, "we will have some good times together, Cissy."

A little pink flush came into Cecilia's cheeks. "I am not sure," she said, "that Elizabeth would care to have you come here very often when she is out of town."

"Oh!" Billy's tone was blank. "I don't think she'd care, Cecilia."

"I shouldn't care," Cecilia emphasized, "if I were engaged to a man—I shouldn't care to have him going to places with another girl "

"But you and I are such old friends," Billy protested.

Cecilia flashed a frank smile at him. "Indeed we are," she said heartily, "and we're always going to be that. But if we were seen much together people would talk—and we can't have that, Billy."

"Oh, hang people!" Billy said.

"But we can't hang them," Cecilia told him cheerfully. "No, you can't come, Billy. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do."

But Billy did come. "With Elizabeth's permission," was his announcement as he sauntered up the cool stone steps of the big apartment house, and found Cecilia in a low wicker chair on the balcony, with Patty-cat purring comfortably on the broad balustrade, and with Aunt Sue just inside the lace curtains, out of the night air.

"In Elizabeth's last letter," Billy proceeded to explain, as he dropped into another low chair opposite Cecilia, "she asked if there were any girls she knew in town. If there were, she told me to ask one of them to go with me to select a hat for her. A big hat with lots of pink roses "

"Oh, how lovely!" Cecilia said. "I have never had a pink rose hat, and it will be a joy to see how I look in one. I'll meet you in the morning, and we will go to the best shops."

"Elizabeth seems to be cutting a wild swath at the beach," Billy confided. "She doesn't seem to mind going around with the other fellows, Cissy; so you shouldn't object to my coming here."

Cecilia's laugh rippled.

"It's different," she said evasively. "What do you think about Elizabeth's doing it, Billy?"

"Oh, I don't care," Billy admitted cheerfully, "if she has a good time. 'Live and let live' is my motto."

"I'm not sure that it would be my motto," Cecilia said. "I think I shouldn't care to be with any one but the man—I loved."

For a moment there was silence, and then Billy said slowly:

"No, I don't believe you would, Cissy."

The next morning, in the rooms of a fashionable milliner, Cecilia tried on hats, while Billy looked and admired. There was one broad beautiful leghorn, with roses heaped about the crown, which set atop of Cecilia's shining coiffure, was ravishing in effect.

Cecilia gazed at herself lovingly in the mirror. "Billy did you ever see me look so nice?" she demanded as the saleswoman left them for a moment.

"Never," Billy said with emphasis. You are sweet enough to——"

He broke off abruptly as Cecilia's cheeks flamed red. She took off the rosy hat and pinned in its place the brown sailor that matched the quiet suit

"I hope Elizabeth will be pleased with it," she said rather stiffly, as they came out of the store. "Tell her to write and let me know whether she likes it."

"I'll come and tell you—" Billy began eagerly, but Cecilia interrupted him

"No," she said. "No, I don't want you to come any more, Billy."

"Was it what I said in there?" Billy asked her. "Was it what I said about your being sweet enough to——?"

Cecilia's head was held high. "It wasn't what you said," she italicized, as she hailed a car at the corner. "It was the way you said it, Billy."

But a week after that Cecilia sat on the little stone balcony with Patty-cat for company, for Aunt Sue indulged in after-dinner naps and was useless for purposes of conversation. And on the seventh day, having listened to the ceaseless song of the city, the far-away hum of traffic, the whir of the wires overhead, the wail of whistles in the distance, she said to the emerald-eyed feline:

"Patty-cat, in all the city nobody cares "

Patty-cat arched her back under the caressing hand. Cecilia lifted her to her lap, and the little creature cuddled against her white gown. And presently something bright and shining fell on Patty-cat's dark fur and Cecilia whispered again, this time with a little sob:

"In all the big city nobody cares, Patty-cat!"

Down the street there was the sound of a quick step. Patty-cat raised her head and Cecilia peeped over the balustrade, and there, seen plainly in the white path of the electric lights, was Billy, carrying himself jauntily, and bearing in his strong right hand a bandbox.

"Again with Elizabeth's permission," he announced, as he set the bandbox carefully on the balustrade and shook hands with Cecilia.

"Didn't she like the hat?" Cecilia questioned anxiously.

"She did not like the hat," Billy responded.

"Why not?"

"There's a note in the box," Billy told her, "that will give her reasons." His hands trembled a little as he untied the string. He seemed strangely excited. "There!" he said, when at last the box was opened. "There's Elizabeth's note. Read it, Cissy, and tell me the answer."

"It's too dark to see out here," Cecilia said. "We will go in with Aunt Sue."

"We will not go in with Aunt Sue," Billy decided imperially. "I'll light a couple of matches, Cissy. It isn't long."

And, by the uncertain glare of the lights in Billy's nervous fingers Cissy read:

"Cecilia, darling: Billy brought the hat! It's a beauty, but I don't look well in it, and Billy says you are a dream when *you* have it on, so I am going to bequeath it to you. And I am going to bequeath something else—something that I value, but which I cannot wear with the grace that you can; and that something is —Billy.

"Cissy, dear, won't you make him happy and me happy? Our engagement was such a mistake, and we both found it out a long time ago. Indeed, we knew it when our families made the match; but, then, neither of us loved any one else. This summer I found—the only man—and I knew even before that that Billy had found the only girl; and when he told me how you looked in the rose hat I knew it was you.

"I am going to be married quietly on the 29th—and won't you come up and wear a white gown and the rose hat and be my bridesmaid? Billy will be best man.

"Always devotedly,
"ELIZABETH."

"And now," Billy demanded eagerly, as the last match went out, "will you wear the hat?"

"I—I must think it over."

"Why think?" Billy argued. "Why not accept both legacies on the spot?" He lifted the hat carefully from the box. "Let me put it on you, Cissy," he pleaded, and with a little laugh she acquiesced.

And when he had crowned her with it his hands made a frame for her flushed face.

"And now," he petitioned, "may I finish that sentence?"

"What sentence?" she asked demurely.

"That you are sweet enough to—kiss!"

And as her happy eyes answered him he bent his head to her's.

In the Nature of a Hint.

Anderson owned a pool room, and late one night his German friend, Hans, found him nodding in his doorway.

"Why don't you go to bed?" asked the Dutchman.

"I can't," replied Anderson. "Two guys are back there playing pool."

"Why don't you break up their game and make them go home?"

"I've tried to, but I can't. I gave them two or three hints, but they took no notice of them."

Hans assumed an expression of determination.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I'll give 'em a hint."

In a few minutes he returned from the back of the pool room to where Anderson was sitting.

"It's all right," he said, much gratified: "they're going home."

"How did you fix it?" inuired Anderson.

"Oh," said Hans, with an air of indifference, "I gave 'em a hint."

"How?"

"I just took the balls off the table."—The Popular Magazine.

Woman's Vocations.

Though a blacksmith's work is somewhat out of the regular order of woman's vocations, there are a number of women engaged in that work in the United tSates. In a suburb of Lincoln, Neb., lives Mrs. Wilcox, who for five years was a school teacher. For some time, however, she has been following the vocation of a blacksmith. She is said to do all branches of the work, forging iron, repairing wagons, and shoeing horses. She has three daughters who are going to school and taking music lessons and who also assist in the shop work.

Latin as a Watchman.

How to warn off trespassers without spring guns has been discovered by a canny peasant in the south of France. His woods were invaded by nut pickers. He asked a botanical friend the Latin name for the hazel-nut, and put up the following notice: "Caution—All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk. The Corylus Avellana abounds here, as well as other equally venomous snakes." Not a trespasser has ventured into the wood since.

DEATH WEB WOVEN BY MACHINE GUNS

Thought of Duty and Peril Surge Together in Mind of Soldier Under Fire.

TRIES HARD TO THINK OF FIGHT

Barbed Wire Halts Charge of the French in Face of Deadly Leaden Hail.

Paris.—Gripping in its intensity is the narration by a corporal of French line infantry and published in The Figaro of an assault on a German trench delivered by his regiment. It was the regiment's first experience under fire, and the writer describes in a most interesting manner his sensations.

"And now we are in the thick of the battle," he writes. "It is the first time and we are nervous; a bit uncertain and hesitant. The bullets seem by crossing their inflexible trajectories through the trees and into the shrubbery to be weaving an invisible net into which we hurl ourselves head first, like fish into a trawl net.

"How can one find the opening in the net weaved by those indefatigable sewing machines, the rapid-fire guns? I am envious of the crocodile and rhinoceros. Never before have I felt myself so vulnerable.

"The thought of duty and of peril surge together through my mind and I try to think of nothing but the combat. All my section to the left of the wood have fallen flat on their faces in the grass.

"It is the section of the Sergeant Major. The men in the grass are firing incessantly while he is studying the terrain. Suddenly the Sergeant Major leaps up and turn his face toward me. 'Cease firing,' he cries, and dashes for the woods followed by his men. I shout 'Cease firing, forward!' and we dash ahead, bent forward, in the narrow spaces through the trees into the hail of bullets.

"A 'halt' brings us flat on the ground again. Maurice, the Quartermaster, is beside me. 'Hot work, old man,' he grins. The man next to me drags himself on his elbows, groaning. A red stain appears on his blouse and on the grass beside him. 'One more dash brings us on the line—a few poor chaps are left stretched out—and we begin methodically emptying our cartridge boxes. The trees re-echo the reports; the wounded are crying; here and there grotesquely sprawling bodies mark the men who have paid the price.

"Tired of crawling because I have to do so, I jump to my feet and cry in my turn, 'Forward!' Everyone follows me. By my side are the Sergeant Major and another Sergeant.

"'Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta'—the machine guns. We fall to the ground once more. What a sprinkling! To lift one's head means death. Where is the Quartermaster? He is lying back there, his waxen face upturned. Where is my squad? I do not know any of the men beside me! My piece is so hot it burns my hands.

"'Fix bayonets!' The order runs down the line. The bayonets rattle. I tug at mine—I have forgotten how to adjust it! At last my clumsy fingers fix it right. My blood is beating through my arteries with hammerlike blows. I am hot, my mouth is dry, so dry, and I swallow with difficulty.

"Bullets are snipping past the trees. The German guns and our own '75' are roaring.

"My ears are ringing. I cannot hear an order. Every now and then some one swears and drops behind. The wood is filled with the wails of the wounded. Each minute is an eternity. And now I have beside me the Turcos. How did they get there? What torture to be able to see nothing ahead. Will this damnable thicket never end?

"'Forward, forward.' And now we can hear the enemy's fusillade and through the passes hoarse voices shouting commands. Our line creeps on, gaining ground always, in the midst of shouts, curses, lamentations, the calls of the wounded, stumbling now and then over inert bodies from which the life is pouring out.

"'Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta!' The machine guns again, and we fall flat once more to get out of the deadly hail of the 'coffee mills.' But some fall limply, mute, without stretching out their arms, and making breaks in the chain.

"At last the clearing! Some 40 yards away we can vaguely see the German trenches, fringed with flashes and glittering bayonets. And as we do, we feel ourselves brought up short. For a second we hesitate, without even firing, when the cry goes down the line: 'The wire; the barbed wire!'

"For a width of 20 yards an impassable weave of wire, fronted by trunks of chopped-down trees, bars our path, an obstacle against which our foremost men have dashed and are hanging riddled

"'Come back! come back!' the voices shout from all sides. And back we go, taking 30 seconds to return over the ground that it took 20 minutes—20 centuries—to advance over.

"And there in our trenches, where our wounded comrades are groaning, drunk with rage, white with emotion and fury, we fire, fire, fire blindly into that accursed wood until the commandant, himself bareheaded, comes running up, shouting, 'Cease fire! Cease fire!'

Wax Producing Insects.

An interesting series of wax producing insects from India, China and elsewhere has been placed in the British Natural History Museum at South Kensington. From the secretions of one species of these little creatures—found in profusion on the bark of fig and other trees—a number of articles of commercial value are produced. Among these are sealing wax, shellac, seedlac and butterlac, specimens of which are exhibited at the museum side by side with the wax in its original form.

THE TOURIST IN MEXICO.

Samples of Spanish as She is Spoke by Some Americans.

"It's no wonder that [illegible] go from the states down to Mexico on business do not get along better," said a returned New Yorker. "They don't study Spanish as they should. In the clubs half of the stories are about these half educated Americans.

"It was in a restaurant where only Spanish is spoken that a party of American tourists assembled. There were a woman and her two daughters and of course the attendant and patient papa with the wad.

"'Let me order,' said the mater. 'I want to use my Spanish,' and she proceeded to pull out a [illegible] book of conversation. 'Let me see,' scanning the menu, 'we want oysters, I'm sure. A small fry for each would be just the thing.'

"Rubbing her fingers through the leaves she found that 'chiquita' means 'small' and 'frita' means 'fry.' Perfectly simple. 'Chiquita fritas' would mean 'small fries.' She held up her fingers to indicate four and said complacently to the expectant and polite waiter:

The waiter's eyes bulged out and his Latin politeness got a shock. 'Oh, no, Senora,' he cried as he backed away, 'no chiquitas fritas!'

"'Why not,' returned the patron, don't you have 'em?' For in her surprise she had fallen back on her vernacular. Then she remembered her role and consulted her book.

"Nothing doing. No end of gesticulations on the part of the waiter.

"'Nice country where one can't get fried oysters,' piped the woman and she added 'I wonder why?'

"'You can get 'em, ma'am,' said a man's raucous voice at an adjoining table. He continued: 'You ordered fried babies, and they don't serve 'em in this part of the republic. The word "chiquitas" means babies, a term of endearment, but you're all O. K. as to the fritas. If you had asked for "ostras fritas," the order would have gone through all right.'

"And she ordered 'em, though she looked daggers at the stranger, who was a New Yorker and had lived in Mexico for twenty years.

"It was the same sort of woman," continued the traveller, "who tried to air her Spanish by asking the amount of her bill after she had taken her dinner in a restaurant in Mexico City. With a bland smile she addressed the head waiter with Como mucho?' intending to ask how much?

"Now, the word 'como' not only means 'how,' but also 'I eat,' so that the woman had remarked to the waiter 'I eat a good deal.' This was as much as to say that the dinner was so good that she had eaten all or more than she ought. In fact, it was a compliment and such a compliment as is highly appreciated in any Latin country.

"With a deep bow the servitor expressed his delight that his humble viands should have found [illegible] in the sight of the most excellent Senora. It was expressed in the [illegible] phrases that so readily lend themselves on such occasion through the Castilian tongue.

"But my lady didn't understand a word of the lingo. She meant business and she repeated in a louder tone 'Como mucho? Como mucho?' She was sure of her correct Spanish, but somehow she couldn't get the waiter to do anything but bow and scrape.

"The puzzle was solved when the proprietor, hearing the excited voices, entered and learned that the lady merely wanted to pay her bill. Had she known that it is [illegible] 'Como mucho?' but 'Que es la cuenta?' (What is the account?) is the correct expression she would have been saved trouble and mortification.

Time and again United States Consuls have set forth in federal publications the advantages of a real knowledge of Spanish to the business man. The need is growing more emphatic with every day, as our relations in trade are growing with Mexico daily. But I guess that federal publications don't hit the people at large as a rule.

"One of the easiest ways to learn a foreign language is to read good novels in that tongue. You get so interested in the story that you just have to go on to the end to learn whether the hero and heroine come out all right.

"Students of Spanish don't adopt that method in New York, I guess, for you can't find any Spanish novels on the second hand book stores [illegible] up or down [illegible] the city. The only specimens I have found have been Spanish [illegible] translated from the French [illegible] It is strange too, for there are [illegible] excellent novels nowadays by Spanish writers.

"Of course an instructor is needed to obtain the correct pronunciation, but on visiting Mexico with a good ready knowledge of the language you can soon acquire the needed pronunciation [illegible] you have to do it in order to get along."

Ill Health and Morbidness.

One of the [illegible] of ill health is to make one [illegible]. People who are constantly [illegible] about their ailments, worrying about their [illegible], often develop a morbid passion for sympathy. They want to tell everyone of their aches and pains, [illegible] their symptoms [illegible]. Have you ever known a woman who has acquired the doctor [illegible] a woman who craves nothing in the world quite as well as an opportunity to tell the doctor of her ailments? She has poured them out to unwilling ears, to forced listeners, till she longs for some one who can really appreciate it all, who sympathizes with her in her troubles; so she sends for the doctor or goes to see him. This becomes almost a mania with some women, who have few outside activities to divert them. Their minds naturally revert to themselves and they think of their unfortunate condition until they become saturated with the poisoned thought.

JOFFRE A SPANIARD SAYS HIS SISTER

Great-Great-Grandfather a Nobleman, Fled to France for Political Reasons

HIS FATHER A COOPER BY TRADE

Military Leader When in School Was "Somewhat Weak in German."

Paris.—The character of the personality of Gen. Joffre is of immense interest to Frenchmen these days. As a result, a newspaper man has made a journey to Rivesaltes, where the Generalissimo was born, and there interviewed Joffre's only surviving sister, Mme. Artus.

The interview did not develop much concerning military operation, but a host of interesting trivialities. The first discovery of the scribe was that the Joffres, according to Mme. Artus, are not French at all, so far as blood goes. They are Spanish.

According to the tradition in the family, said Mme. Artus, her great-great-grandfather was a Spanish nobleman, named "Gouffre," who, for political reasons, fled from Spain and settled in southwestern France in the Eighteenth Century.

The father of the future General-in-Chief was one of a large family and was left, like Topsey, "just to grow." When he reached man's estate he adopted the trade of cooper, a trade which he continued to exercise even after the death of his mother made him a landed proprietor in a small way.

Joseph Joffre, the present Commander-in-Chief, was one of 11 children. After a brilliant course at the college of Perpignan, he left for Paris at the age of 15 years to prepare for the entrance examination of the "Ecole Polytechniue"—the West Point of France.

His place on the list was unexpectedly low—fourteenth—and the reason has, in light of later events, a piquancy. Young Joffre, though exceedingly good at mathematics, was "somewhat weak in German."

A sub-Lieutenant in 1879, Joffre served in the garrison of the beleagured capital. Throughout a brilliant career of extraordinarily rapid promotion—Joffre was a General at 49—he retained his simplicity. He used to spend his leaves of absence down in Rivesaltes, where he spoke the patois and played many a game of "mouille" with his old father. It was during one of these games, says his sister, that he explained to his father how to dig slanting trenches on his property as a protection against the ravages of the spring rains.

"I know something about trenches," he is said to have remarked, "dash it, it is my job!"

Mme. Artus confided to the reporter that her big brother dug in more senses than one told her sister-in-law in a letter that he is "quite satisfied with the course of events."

The chair left vacant at the academy by the death of the Comte de Mun is, it is believed, not to be filled till Gen. Joffre occupies it after the victory. Would such an election be in accordance with the traditions of the "immortels"?

The Petit Journal cites today the weighty authority of Ernest Renan. In 1885, when Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great engineer, first took his seat in the French Academy, it fell to Renan to pronounce the discourse of reception. The first words of the exquisite stylist, the man of letters par excellence, were these:

"Those who for a moment expressed surprise at your election can have but little comprehension of the spirit of our company. You are a master in the hardest of schools, a school that we have too long neglected—that of action. You are one of the few who have maintained the ancient French tradition of brilliant, glorious and fruitful life."

Then, turning to the assembly, Renan said, in a firm voice and spacing each word:

"Another who is certain to have a seat in our midst is the General who shall bring victory to France. There is a man at whose prosse we shall not cavil. We shall elect him by acclamation, caring nothing for his writings. What a glorious session will be the session of his reception, and what an honor will be his who is President on that day!"

That day may come in the not distant future.

STRAIGHTFORWARD TESTIMONY

MANY WELLSBORO CITIZENS HAVE PROFITED BY IT.

If you have backache, urinary troubles, days of dizziness, headaches or nervousness, strike at the seat of the trouble. These are often the symptoms of weak kidneys and there is grave danger in delay. Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for kidney ailments—are endorsed by over 30,000 people. Your neighbors recommend this remedy—have proved its merit in many tests. Wellsboro readers should take fresh courage in the straightforward testimony of a citizen.

S. Louis Herrington, 27 Water St., Wellsboro, says: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the Corner Drug Store, and they have given me relief from kidney trouble."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Herrington had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

HEN KICKS OUT MAN'S TEETH

Mother of Brood Resents Interference With Her Chicks.

Scranton, Iowa.—Charles Nicholson, a prominent farmer living near here, reports the loss of a couple of teeth which were kicked out by an angry mother hen that went on a rampage. Nicholson was attempting to catch some little chickens in the grass, when the mother hen flew at him, scratching and kicking him in the face.

Meat With Eggs. Cold roast beef or cooked ham may be used. Get the salesman to cut the meat in one piece instead of in slices. One-quarter pound of solid cooked meat will go quite a long way. To make put a little butter in the blazer, and when hot add the meat cut into dice. Stir until it begins to look crisp, adding pepper and salt to taste. Beat three eggs thoroughly and pour on to the meat. Stir well until the whole thickens. Serve hot with rolls.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of writs of venditioni exponas, levari facias and venditioni exponas with clause of fieri facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the court house in Wellsboro, Pa., on MONDAY, MAY 3, 1915, at one o'clock p. m., the following described property, in Tioga county, Pa.:

1. All that certain piece of land situate in the township of Delmar, county of Tioga and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Bounded on the north by lands of Henry S. Fisher and the Pine Creek road; on the east by the Dantz Run road, and lands now or formerly of R. L. Wilson; on the south by lands of R. L. Wilson and the public road leading from the Guide Board road to the Pine Creek road, and on the west by lands of Richard Wood and lands of James Louden. Containing 86 acres, more or less, being same lands conveyed to L. A. Bowen by two deeds, one from U. M. Callahan and wife dated April 1, 1908, and recorded in deed book No. 135, at page 247, conveying 20 acres, and the other from F. E. Nobles, and wife dated Oct. 29, 1908, and recorded in deed book No. 134, at page 153, etc. Excepting and reserving herefrom a lot of 5¾ acres sold to Henry S. Fisher by deed dated July 3, 1912, and recorded in deed book No. 143, at page 45, etc. All improved, with a frame dwelling house with a wing and kitchen attached; frame barn, 30x50, with shed attached, 16x30; a frame granary, a chicken house and other outbuildings, and a good apple orchard thereon and well watered. To be sold as the property of L. A. Bowen, suit of A. P. & R. R. Dartt.

2. All that lot of land situate in Shippen township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post and stones the northwest corner hereof, standing in the northern boundary line of warrant No. 2355 in the direction of south, eighty seven degrees east, and at a distance of thirty-seven perches and seven-tenths of a perch from a pine stump the northwest corner of said warrant; thence along the northern boundary line of said warrant south, eighty-seven degrees east, thirty-nine perches and three-tenths of a perch to a post and stones, the northeast corner thereof; thence by lands of T. L. Woodruff south, four and one-fourth degrees west, two hundred and twenty-three perches to the center of the Pine Creek road; thence along the center of said road westerly a distance of fifty perches and four-tenths of a perch to a post; thence by lands of William E. Duel north, four and one-fourth degrees east, two hundred and forty seven perches to the place of beginning. Containing fifty-seven acres of land, be the same more or less, and being part of warrant No. 2355 and being the same land conveyed by T. L. Woodruff, of Shippen township, Tioga county, Pa., to Charles E. McFall, by deed dated November 20, 1908, and recorded in the Recorder's Office for Tioga county in deed book No. 131, at page 204. Improved with a frame dwelling house with kitchen attached, a frame barn 26x32, some fruit and ornamental trees. To be sold as the property of Charles E. McFall, suit of L. L. Bailey, Trustee.

3. All that tract or lot of land situate in the borough of Wellsboro, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, and known as a part of the Emma P. Ayers lot, bounded on the north by West Water street; on the east by lands of Mrs. O. G. Johnson; on the south by West avenue, and on the west by Eberenz street. Improved with a cement walk on West avenue. To be sold as the property of O. G. Johnson, suit of F. E. Watrous.

4. All that lot of land situate in Charleston township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the southwest corner of a lot of land conveyed by the Bingham Trustees to Sophia Dawson by a deed dated May 5, 1852, and recorded in Tioga county, Record Book of Deeds Vol. 34, page 545; thence east twenty rods to a post; thence north, eight rods; thence west twenty rods, and thence south eight rods to the beginning. Containing one acre of land more or less, and being the same land conveyed by Cordelia Dawson to Charles R. Dawson by a deed dated March 3, 1875, and recorded in the Recorder's office in deed book No. 62, page 132. All improved, with a 1½ story frame house with wing and porch attached, a small frame shop, and some fruit and ornamental trees thereon. To be sold as the property of Charles R. Dawson, Mortgagor, Selina Dawson, Sade Carson, Lewis Dawson and William Dawson real owners, suit of George S. Dawson.

5. All that lot of land situate in the borough of Elkland, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, and known as the Elkland Cheese Factory lot in said borough, containing one-third acre of land, more or less, and bounded as follows: On the north by Main street, or the public highway leading to Osceola, Pa.; on the south and west by Mrs. W. G. Humphrey farm, and on the east by Samuel C. Hazlett farm; being the same lot of land conveyed to N. J. Searl, of Elkland, Tioga county, Pa., by T. J. Carmody and his wife and George H. Harris and his wife, all of the town of Cuba, Allegany county, N. Y., by deed dated October 1st, 1909, and recorded in the Recorder's office for Tioga county, Pa., in deed book No. 138, at page 68. Improved, with a two-story frame cheese factory, 30x74, and a barn 18x28. To be sold as the property of N. J. Searl, suit of the Pattison National Bank of Elkland, Pa.

EVAN P. REES,
April 8-3t. Sheriff.

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness Use

Hale's Honey

Of Horehound and Tar

Contains no opium nor anything injurious. Pleasant to the taste. All druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops Give Relief.

BIG DIVIDENDS STATE SECURITY

The high rate of interest the Royal Union is securing on its investments in Western farm mortgages is reflected in the big dividends to its policyholders.

All investments are made under State supervision.

Royal Union settlements beat the world.

For full particulars address,

W. W. TATE, Special Agent
WELLSBORO, PA.

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a clutching hand. The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter Elaine employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

TENTH EPISODE

THE LIFE CURRENT

Assignments were being given out on the Star one afternoon and I was standing talking with several other reporters in the busy hum of typewriters and clicking telegraphs.

"What do you think of that?" asked one of the fellows. "You're something of a scientific detective, aren't you?"

Without laying claim to such a distinction I took the paper and read:

THE POISONED KISS AGAIN

Three More New York Women Report Being Kissed by Mysterious Stranger—Later Fell Into Deep Unconsciousness—What Is It?

I had scarcely finished when one of the copy boys dashing past me called out. "You're wanted on the wire, Mr. Jameson."

I hurried over to the telephone and answered.

A musical voice responded to my hurried hello and I hastened to adopt my most polite tone.

"Is this Mr. Jameson?" asked the voice.

"Yes," I replied, not recognizing it.

"Well, Mr. Jameson, I've heard of you on the Star and I've just had a very strange experience. I've had the poisoned kiss."

The woman did not pause to catch my exclamation of astonishment but went on. "It was like this. A man ran up to me on the street and kissed me—and—I don't know how it was—but I became unconscious—[illegible] didn't come to for a [illegible] hospital—fortunately. I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been that someone [illegible] and the man [illegible] would have [illegible]

"We are [illegible] you give me to [illegible]

"Why, I am Mrs. Florence Leigh of No. 20 Prospect avenue," returned the voice.

"Say," I exclaimed, hurrying over to the editor's desk, "here's another woman on the wire who says she has received the poisoned kiss."

"Suppose you take that assignment," the editor answered, sensing a possible story.

I took it with alacrity, figuring out the quickest way by elevated and surface to reach the address.

I must say that I could scarcely criticize the poisoned kisser's taste, for the woman who opened the door certainly was extraordinarily attractive.

"And you really were—put out by a kiss?" I queried as she led me into a neat sitting room.

"Absolutely—as much as if it had been by one of these poisoned needles you read about," she replied confidently, hastening on to describe the affair volubly.

It was beyond me.

"May I use your telephone?" I asked.

"Surely," she answered.

I called the laboratory. "Is that you, Craig?" I inquired.

"Yes, Walter," he answered, recognizing my voice.

"Say, Craig," I asked breathlessly, "what sort of kiss would suffocate a person?"

My only answer was an uproarious laugh from him at the idea.

"I know," I persisted, "but I've got the assignment from the Star—and I'm out here interviewing a woman about it. It's all right to laugh—but here I am. I've found a case—names, dates and places. I wish you'd explain the thing, then."

"Oh, all right, Walter," he replied indulgently. "I'll meet you as soon as I can and help you out."

We waited patiently.

The bell rang and the woman hastened to the door, admitting Kennedy.

"Hello, Walter," he greeted.

"This is certainly a most remarkable case, Craig," I said, introducing him and telling briefly what I had learned.

"And you actually mean to say that a kiss had the effect—"

Just then the telephone interrupted.

"Yes," she reasserted quickly. "Excuse me a second."

She answered the call. "[illegible]—yes, he's here. [illegible] want to speak to him? Mr. Jameson, it's the Star."

"Confound it," I exclaimed, "isn't that like the old man—dragging me off this story before it's half finished in order to get another. I'll have to go. I'll get this story from you, Craig."

* * * * * * *

The day before, in the suburban house, the Clutching Hand had been talking to two of his emissaries, an attractive young woman and a man.

They were Flirty Florrie and Dan the Dude.

"Now, I want you to get Kennedy," [illegible]. "The way to do it is to separate [illegible] [illegible] see?"

"All right, Chief, we'll do it."

Clutching Hand had scarcely left when Flirty Florrie began by getting published in the papers the story which I had seen.

The next day she called me up from the suburban house. Having got me to promise to see her she had scarcely turned from the telephone when Dan the Dude walked in from the next room.

"He's coming," she said.

Dan was carrying a huge stag head with a beautifully branched pair of antlers. Under his arm was a coil of wire which he had connected to the inside of the head.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. Then, pointing to the head, he added, "It's all ready. See how I fixed it? That ought to please the Chief."

Dan moved quickly to the mantel and mounted a stepladder there by which he had taken down the head and started to replace the head above the mantel.

He hooked the head on a nail.

"There," he said, unscrewing one of the beautiful brown glass eyes of the stag.

Back of it could be seen a camera shutter.

"One of those new quick shutter cameras," he explained.

Then he ran a couple of wires along the molding around the room and into a closet where he made the connection with a sort of switchboard on which a button was marked "SHUTTER" and the switch "WIND FILM."

"Now, Flirty," he said, coming out of the closet and pulling up the shade which let a flood of sunlight into the room, "you see I want you to stand here—then do your little trick."

Just then the bell rang.

"That must be Jameson," she cried. "Now—get to your corner."

With a last look Dan went into the closet and shut the door.

Perhaps half an hour later Clutching Hand himself called me up on the telephone. It was he—not the Star—as I learned only too late.

* * * * * * *

I had scarcely gone out of the house as Craig told me afterward, when Flirty Florrie told all over again the embroidered tale that had caught my ear.

Kennedy [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

She took his arm [illegible]

[illegible]

Dan was reaching for the switch button.

"You see," she said, advancing quickly and acting her words, "[illegible] placed his hands on my shoulders—so—then threw his arms about my neck—so."

She said no more but imprinted a deep passionate kiss on Kennedy's mouth, clinging closely to him. Before Kennedy could draw away Dan in the closet had pressed the button and the switch several times in rapid succession.

"Th—that's very realistic," gasped Craig, a good deal taken aback by the sudden osculatory assault.

He frowned.

"I—I'll look into the case," he said, backing away. "There—there may be some scientific explanation—but—er—"

He was plainly embarrassed and hastened to make his adieux.

* * * * * * *

[illegible]

[illegible]

It [illegible] Florrie [illegible] at Martin's [illegible] solitaire the finest [illegible] the shop.

It [illegible] about the [illegible] that he [illegible] at Martin's that the [illegible] presented a card on which was engraved the name

Miss Florence Leigh
20 Prospect Avenue

As he handed [illegible] the card she looked up from the book she was reading and took it.

"All right, [illegible] Jennings. I'll see her."

Elaine— [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Dodge [illegible]

[illegible] looked at her [illegible]

"Yes," she continued, "[illegible] know it but Craig Kennedy [illegible] ated with you." She paused again, then added, "[illegible] he is engaged to me."

Elaine stared at the woman. She was dazed. She could not believe it.

"There is the ring," Flirty Florrie added, indicating a very impressive paste diamond.

Quickly she reached into her bag and drew out two photographs with out a word handing them to Elaine.

"There's the proof," Florrie said [illegible], choking a sob.

Elaine looked with a start. Sure [illegible] the [illegible] living room in the house on Prospect avenue. In one picture Florrie had her arms over Kennedy's shoulders. In the other apparently they were passionately kissing.

Elaine slowly laid the photographs on the table.

"I ask—please, Miss Dodge—give me back my lost love. You are rich and beautiful—I am poor. I have only my good looks. But—I—I love him and he—loves me—and has promised to marry me."

Florrie had broken down completely and was weeping softly into a lace handkerchief.

She moved toward the door. Elaine followed her.

"Jennings—please see the lady to the door."

Back in the drawing room Elaine seized the photographs and hurried into the library where she could be alone.

Just then she heard the bell and Kennedy's voice in the hall.

"How are you this afternoon?" Kennedy greeted Elaine gayly.

Elaine had been too overcome by what had just happened to throw it off so easily and received him with studied coolness.

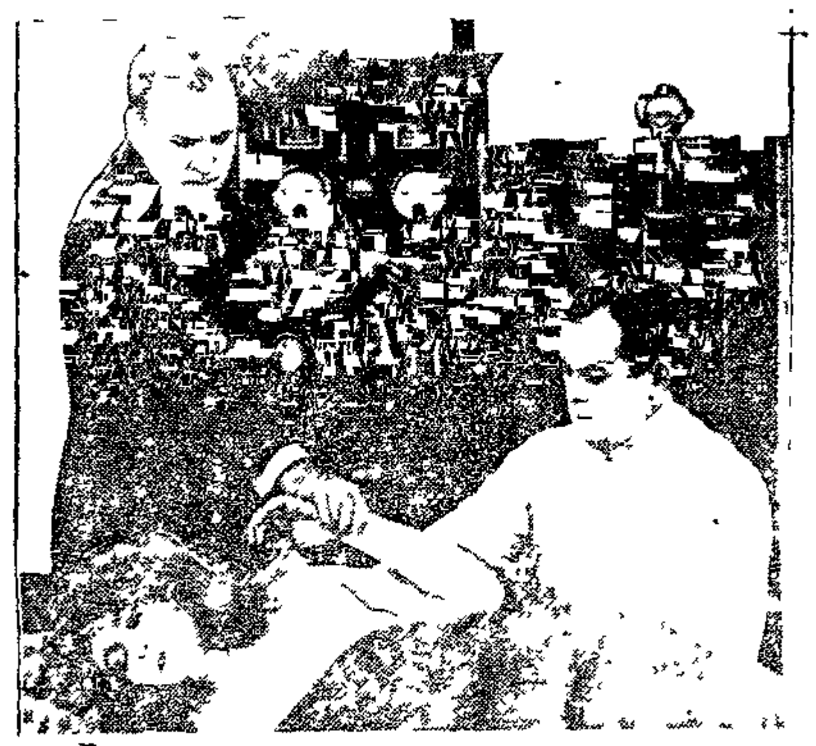
Still Craig, manlike, did not notice it at once. In fact he was too busy gazing about to see that neither Jennings, Marie nor the duenna Aunt Josephine were visible. They were not and he quickly took the ring from his pocket. Without waiting he showed it to Elaine.

Elaine very coolly admired the ring as Craig might have viewed a specimen on a microscope slide. Still he did not notice.

He took the ring about to put it on her finger. Elaine drew away. Concealment was not in her frank nature.

She picked up the two photographs. "What have you to say about those?" she asked cuttingly.

Kennedy, quite surprised, took them [illegible] them. Then he let them fall [illegible] on the table and dropped [illegible] his head back in a turmoil of [illegible].



As Craig Kennedy Turns on the Current Elaine's Chest [illegible] Rise and Fall

[illegible] that they put over on [illegible] He [illegible] this afternoon [illegible] me he [illegible] of these poisoned kisses you have read about in the paper. Think of it—all that to pull a concealed camera. Such an elaborate business—just to get me where she could fake this thing. I suppose they've put someone up to say I'm she's engaged?"

Elaine was not so lightly affected. But she said severely, repressing her emotion, "I don't understand, Mr. Kennedy, how scientific inquiry into the poisoned kiss could necessitate this sort of thing."

She pointed at the photographs accusingly.

"I—" he began, trying to explain.

"No buts," she interrupted.

"Then you believe that I—"

"How can you as a scientist," asked me, "[illegible] the [illegible]?" she insinuated [illegible].

Kennedy [illegible] to see that it was [illegible] that he had at first [illegible].

[illegible]

* * * * * * *

Kennedy [illegible] the laboratory [illegible] when I came in.

[illegible] trying to cover [illegible].

Kennedy [illegible] with his own thoughts [illegible] no attention to me. Then he jumped up.

"By George, I will," he muttered.

I poked my head out of the door in time to see him grab his hat and coat and dash [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] late [illegible] when I heard the telephone ring. It was Craig. Without a word of apology for his rudeness which I knew had been purely absent minded I heard him say, "Walter, meet me in half an hour outside that Florence Leigh's house."

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later I was waiting near the house in the suburbs to which I had been directed by the strange telephone call the day before. I noticed that it was apparently deserted. The blinds were closed and a "To Let" sign was on the side of the house.

"Hello, Walter," cried Craig at last, bustling along.

He led the way around the side of the house to a window and with a powerful grasp wrenched open the closed shutters. He had just smashed the window when a policeman appeared.

"Hey, you fellows—what are you doing there?" he shouted.

Craig paused a second, then pulled his card from his pocket.

"Just the man I want," he parried, much to the policeman's surprise. "There's something crooked going on here. Follow us in."

We climbed in the window. There was the same living room we had seen the day before. But it was now bare and deserted.

"Come on," cried Kennedy, beckoning us on.

[illegible] he rushed through the house. There was not a thing in it to [illegible] the deserted appearance of the first floor. At last it occurred to Craig to grope his way down cellar. There was nothing there.

Kennedy had been carefully going over the place. It was at the other side of the cellar from ourselves [illegible] gaze at the [illegible].

"[illegible]," he [illegible] suddenly to us.

We waited a [illegible]. What if he happened [illegible]. Had he been seeing things or [illegible] things, I wondered?

[illegible] a square piece in the floor, perhaps five feet in diameter, slowly [illegible] as the [illegible] pivot.

[illegible] weird and [illegible] figure of a man appeared [illegible] his head he wore [illegible] helmet with hideous glass piece [illegible] and tubes that [illegible] with a tank which he carried buckled to his back.

Quickly he closed down the cover of [illegible] by the [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] who [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] stood [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] on the [illegible].

It was [illegible] the helmet [illegible] the Lido [illegible].

What is it thing [illegible] helped Craig with the helmet [illegible].

An oxygen helmet," he replied. "There [illegible] air down the tube [illegible] cannot be breathed."

He [illegible] to the tube. Carefully he opened [illegible] top and gazed down, starting [illegible] a second later with [illegible] face [illegible] up at the [illegible].

"[illegible]," he [illegible] as he [illegible] cover down. Then [illegible] policeman. "Where [illegible] comes from?"

[illegible] the [illegible] Jameson [illegible].

Kennedy [illegible] his face as [illegible] prisoner. He [illegible] and lifted [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] he seized roughly [illegible] she—tell [illegible].

The [illegible] tried some [illegible] to say [illegible] repeated [illegible] snorted [illegible] than ever [illegible] firm [illegible] the [illegible] helmet [illegible] to follow [illegible] of half [illegible] the post [illegible] he [illegible] slowly took [illegible] a series [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] shouted at [illegible] fears for him.

[illegible] Craig [illegible] came to a [illegible] which the [illegible]. On the wall he found another series of iron rungs up which he climbed. The gas was terrible.

As he neared the top of the ladder he came to a shelf like aperture in the sewer chamber and gazed about. It was horribly dark. He reached out and felt a piece of cloth. Anxiously he pulled on it. Then he reached further into the darkness.

There was Elaine, unconscious, apparently dead.

In desperation Craig carried her down the ladder.

With our prisoner we could only look helplessly around.

"By George, I'm going down after him," I cried in desperation.

"Don't do it," advised the policeman. "You'll never get out."

One whiff of the horrible gas told me that he was right.

"Listen," said the policeman.

There was indeed a faint noise from the black depths below us. A rope alongside the rough ladder began to move as though some one was pulling it taut. He gazed down.

"Craig! Craig!" I called. "Is that you?"

No answer. But the rope still moved. Perhaps the helmet made it impossible for him to hear.

He had struggled back in the swirling current almost exhausted by his helpless burden. Holding Elaine's head above the surface of the water and pulling on the rope to attract my attention, he could neither hear nor shout. He had taken a turn of the rope about Elaine. I tried pulling on it. There was something heavy on the other end and I kept on pulling.

At last I could make out Kennedy dimly mounting the ladder. The weight was the unconscious body of Elaine which he steadied as he mounted the ladder. I tugged harder and he slowly came up.

Together at last the policeman and I reached down and pulled them out.

We placed Elaine on the cellar floor as comfortably as was possible and the policeman began his first aid motions for resuscitation.

"No—no," cried Kennedy. "[illegible] here—take her up where the air is fresher."

With his revolver still drawn to cover the prisoner [illegible] [illegible] him [illegible] up the [illegible] flight of [illegible] Kennedy followed quickly [illegible] the oxygen helmet as he went.

In the [illegible] room [illegible] our [illegible] the helmet off [illegible] over her.

"Quick—[illegible]," he cried to the [illegible]. "An ambulance."

"But the prisoner," the policeman objected.

"Hurry—hurry. I'll take care of him," urged Craig, seizing the policeman's pistol and thrusting it into his pocket. "Walter, help me."

He was trying the ordinary method of resuscitation. Meanwhile the officer had hurried out [illegible] the nearest telephone [illegible].

Again and again Kennedy bent and outstretched her arms [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] world [illegible] could [illegible] door [illegible] finished his examination and shook his head.

"There is no hope—no hope," he said slowly.

Kennedy merely stared at him. But the rest of us instinctively removed our hats.

Kennedy gazed at Elaine overcome. Was this the end?

It was not many minutes later that Kennedy had Elaine in the little sitting room off the laboratory, having taken her there in the ambulance with the doctor and two attendants.

Elaine's body had been placed on a couch covered by a blanket, and the shades were drawn. The light fell on her pale face.

[illegible] was something incongruous [illegible] death and the vast collection of [illegible] apparatus, a ghastly mockery. How little was [illegible] presence of the great destroyer.

Aunt Josephine [illegible] had arrived [illegible] moment later [illegible] Josephine rose [illegible] her position on her knees where she had been weeping silently beside [illegible] her hands over [illegible] with every indication of [illegible].

[illegible] any of us could do anything [illegible] had staggered into the laboratory [illegible] and I followed quick.

There was bustle for some time [illegible].

[illegible] Kennedy beside [illegible] with an air of desperate determination [illegible] that [illegible] took a [illegible] the peculiar apparatus near [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] Kennedy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] raised to king [illegible] Kennedy.

Craig [illegible] attention to his care [illegible] approaching the couch on which Elaine lay [illegible] applied the electrodes.

"You see," he explained with forced calmness, "I apply the anode here—the cathode there."

The ambulance surgeon looked on excitedly as Craig turned on the current, applying it to the back of the neck and to the spine.

For some minutes the machine worked.

Then the young doctor's eyes began to bulge.

"My Heavens!" he cried under his breath. "Look!"

Elaine's chest had slowly risen and fallen. Kennedy, his attention riveted on his work, applied himself with redoubled efforts. The young doctor looked on with increased wonder.

"Look! The color in her face! See her lips!" he cried.

At last her eyes slowly fluttered open—then closed.

Would the machine succeed? Or was it just the galvanic effect of the current? The doctor noticed it and placed his ear quickly to her heart. His face was a study in astonishment. The minutes sped fast.

To us outside who had no idea what was transpiring in the other room the minutes were leaden footed. Aunt Josephine, weak but now herself again, was sitting nervously.

[illegible] then the door opened.

I shall never forget the look on the young ambulance surgeon's face as he [illegible] under his breath, "Come here—the age of miracles is not passed."

[illegible] his finger to indicate that [illegible] to make no noise, he led us into the other room.

Kennedy was bending over the couch.

Elaine's eyes were open now [illegible] gazing up at him [illegible] smile [illegible]

[illegible]

Elaine Confronts Kennedy With the Poisoned Kiss Photographs

Needlework

[illegible]

[illegible]

Time to Intervene

[illegible]

"Why," said the precocious youngster, "paw was gettin the best of it up to a few minutes ago but de other guy has got his second wind now an' he's wipin de street wid the old man."

First Magazine Editor—I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor.

Second Editor—Why so?

First Editor—Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws it into the waste-basket.—Lippincott's.

Advice Worth Having.

You may disregard advice, but listen to it.

Don't scorn it, no matter who the person is that makes it.

Many a fool has helped a wise man. Even the worst advice presents one side of a question.

An astute man said that he always wanted advice, not to follow it, but to help him to make up his mind. If you once get this idea about it you will be much the gainer in the battle of life. No one person can present all the points of view, and a person about to take an important step should be able to know what is all around the horizon.

Listen to everything everybody has to say if you have the time. If not, always listen to anything that is presented strongly, whether or not it agrees with your opinion.

And above all things never scoff at the criticism with its implied advice of an enemy. There you get your weakest points exposed. If you are wise you will be thankful for the opportunity to strengthen them.

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OR

A Member of the Corn Club

You will like this strong story of country life.

You will watch with interest the work of plucky Sam [illegible] on his wornout farm.

[illegible] was a scientific [illegible] but he was wise beyond his years.

There are thousands of bright boys like Sam.

Did he win a prize in the corn club contest?

READ

THE BOY FARMER

And you will know.

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After five months spent in post graduate study and hospital and sanitarium work in California, I feel that I am better able than ever to give my patients the best in medicine and surgery. The Twilight Sleep as used in the great maternity hospital in Freiburg, Germany, (See McClure's Magazine for June and October 1914) will be given to all patients desiring to avail themselves of this wonderful pain saving procedure. Also some new ideas in the treatment of alcohol and drug addictions. Address

W. G. [illegible], M. D.
WELLSBORO, PA.

P. W. HOUSER, M. E., M. D.

WELLSBORO, PA.

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Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses Fitted. Lens Duplicated.

All chronic diseases, many of which are intractible by drug therapy, treated by the most modern appliances. I publish no testimonials, but ask for references in your own immediate community.

In regard to glasses, the public should know that an ill fitting lens or glasses are more harmful than no glasses at all, also that about one in four cases of poor vision, it is not glasses that are needed but attention to other parts of body from where the disturbing [illegible] spring.

Office Hours—1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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Better Quality or a More Complete Assortment Cannot Be Found.

HAVE you thought of the comfort in a Hot Water Bottle these cold nights? Nothing better to help break up a cold. This present day convenience should be in every home and ready for instant use.

WE HAVE THEM IN MANY STYLES AND SIZES AND EVERY ONE GUARANTEED

CORNER DRUG STORE **FAY F. HOWD**

Blatchley Says

He invites your inspection of his new line of

STATIONERY

which is sold by the pound and by the box. Coming as it does in plain white, and also in different tints, the variety is large enough to satisfy the most exacting patron.

You will be pleased with his new stock of

Correspondence Cards

which are steel die embossed and which sell at 25c. a box.

H. L. Blatchley
The Rexall Store

Cedar Shingles

Compass Brand Red Cedar Shingles

These shingles are selected for us by an old Wellsboro boy who is connected with one of the largest mills in the State of Washington and we believe they are the best lot of shingles ever brought to this market.

We also carry in stock the regular brands of Washington Cedar Shingles.

See the Shingles and get our prices.

Geo. M. Spalding

IT'S TIME YOU INSURED WITH KLOCK — L. H. KLOCK

WELLSBORO, PA.

FIRE - LIFE - ACCIDENT LIABILITY

INSURANCE

J. E. BENJAMIN
Eyesight Specialist

Farmers' Phone, 31 B. WELLSBORO, PA.

DR. H. W. BAILEY
DENTIST

WELLSBORO, PA.

Office over Mathers & March's store

LOCAL NOTICES.

Girl Wanted.—Dining room girl or chambermaid wanted at once at the Hotel Wilcox.

Piano Tuning—Tuning and repairing. Farmers' Phone 117 W.
CHARLES FISCHLER.

Notice.—The Wellsboro Philosophical Society will meet at the court house next Monday evening, April 19th. All who are interested are cordially invited.

Shoes Shined.—All shoes left at my stand in the Scheidweiler block will receive prompt attention and returned to the homes of owners. Special attention given to ladies suede shoes. Give me a trial. J. M. FENICCHIA.

You Can Save Money.—From now until Sept. 1st we will sell 80 quart milk tickets for $5.00, cash in advance. You thereby save nearly one cent a quart. New business solicited.
MILK STATION,
March 25-2t. 6 East Avenue.

Membership Contest.—The W. C. T. U. will meet at the court house next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock The captains of the Membership Contest, Mrs. W. R. Borden and Mrs. H. J. Landrus for the Red's and Mrs. Marion Willard and Mrs. C. N. Peters for the Blue's, and their assistants, are urged to come early, as there is important business on before the regular program. The contest will close May 12th. Reception for new members May 19th. The society will observe "Prohibition Rally Day" with an interesting program.

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915.

New Advertisements.

Ladies' Hats—Bernkopf's.
Help Wanted—R. V. Beaman.
Horses for Sale—E. G. Carson.
Style-Craft Stouts—Mathers & March.
Auditor's Notice—C. M. Elliott, Auditor.
Auditor's Notice—C. M. Elliott, Auditor.
Merchant Tailoring—Sheridan & Seely.
Bankrupt Sale—Philadelphia Merchandise Co
Notice of Meeting—Henry Wedge, Secretary.
Proclamation in Divorce—Evan P. Rees, Sheriff.

BRIEF HOME LOCALS.

—E. A. Baxter, of Nelson, had business in town last Friday.

—Miss Alice Strickler is visiting relatives in Williamsport.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Smith last Saturday.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Roy are visiting relatives at Jamestown, N. Y.

—Miss Mildred Gerould is a new saleslady at the Dunham grocery.

—Robert Roy is spending several weeks with relatives at Jamestown, N. Y.

—Mrs. T. F. Rolason, of Mansfield, is a patient at the Forest Lawn Sanitarium.

—Are they any pelt bounty swindlers in Tioga county? That's the question.

—Mrs. Sylvina B. Tubbs, of Osceola, is the guest of Mrs. Sarah Williams.

—B. A. Gee, Sealer of Weights and Measures, has been in town this week on business.

—Frank Drumader has been in Buffalo several days the past week on business.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sheafer are guests of E. A. VanValkenburg in Philadelphia.

—Wellsboro is strictly up to date. It has a "jitney" car, operated by Ernest Butts.

—Miss Norma Frisbie, of Elkland, was the week-end guest of Miss Dorothy Lent.

—Miss Nellie English is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. J. Rumsey, at Wellsburg, N. Y.

—M. F. Moran is spending a few days with his son, Harry Moran, at Keating Summit.

—Mrs. A. F. Walz, of Lawrenceville, is visiting at the home of her son, Leo J. Walz.

—Louis Latzer, of Highland, Ill., spent the first of the week with his son, John A. Latzer.

—S. O. Daggett spent several days the past week with his brother, Wells Daggett, at Bellefonte.

—Miss Bessie Bernauer, of Wellsboro, is a guest of Mrs. Fritz Gossenbacher.—Covington Sun.

—Several auto loads of local fishermen left yesterday for the trout streams in Potter county.

—Mrs. Frank A. Deans was called to Wrightsville, Pa., on Tuesday, by the serious illness of her aged father.

—Luther Collins and Mrs. Mary E. Wheeler, both of Wellsboro, were married at Penn Yan, N. Y., a few days ago.

—Spencer Brothers have just completed a neat little cottage on Queen street, near the residence of Ferd Emberger.

—Ex-Sheriff and Mrs. Lyman D. Goodspeed, of Philadelphia, formerly of Wellsboro, are visiting friends in this vicinity.

—Eli Campbell has moved his family back to Wellsboro to reside after an absence of about a year at Fredericksburg, Va.

—The Junior class of the High School will give a dance in Armory Hall on Friday evening for the benefit of the Seniors.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Kerwin, of Jersey Shore, were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. Kerwin's mother, Mrs. Anna Kerwin.

—Prof. T. H. Tormey and family, of Arnot, spent Sunday in town at the home of Mrs. Tormey's parents, Mr and Mrs. John Glasz.

—The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church realized about $175 from the fair and supper held last Wednesday and Thursday.

—Mrs. C. L. Miller, Mrs. A. H. Dartt, Mrs. W. T. Merrick and Miss Louise VanValkenburg spent a few days in Elmira last week.

—Ex-Governor William A. Stone and his son, Stephen Stone, of Pittsburgh, attended the funeral of the late Henry C. Cox on Tuesday.

—M. H. Perlman, of Pittsburg, purchased the stock of goods in the Evans clothing store at the bankrupt sale Tuesday afternoon for $1,950.

—Mrs. Ed. Smith and Miss Anna Nichols, both of this borough, were among the patients recently discharged from the Williamsport Hospital.

—A touring car belonging to William A. Rexford, of Elmira, was burned on the road near Holiday last Saturday while on the way to Wellsboro.

—The merry-go-round on the green was taken down yesterday morning and shipped to Ohio, to begin a 30 weeks' contract with a carnival company.

—James Ballard, R. D. Carrier, has sold his farm in Charleston to Chas. L. Wetmore and has purchased of George C. Brooks the Tongue residence on East avenue for $2,800.

—The farm house of Jerome Oakes, in Shippen, was destroyed by fire last Friday afternoon about 2 o'clock, with part of the contents. The loss is only partially covered by insurance.

—There will be a ball game Saturday afternoon on the Athletic grounds, between the High School team and the Corning Northside High School team. Game will be called promptly at 2:30.

—Townfolk remember the former contempt of the farmer for the passing automobile. And now the farmer, when he comes to town, has his own opinion about the pedestrian who gets in his way.

—Mrs. R. K. Young, Miss Catherine H. Potter and Miss May A. Stickley attended the Woman Suffrage party conference in Harrisburg last Thursday and Friday, as delegates from Tioga county.

—David Heck, of Tioga, had the toes on one foot badly smashed a few days ago while working with a bridge crew on the Central between this borough and Antrim. A heavy piece of iron fell on the foot, causing the injury.

—John Bowen, aged 50 years, of Charleston, died suddenly last Friday, of heart disease. He had been in poor health for some time. He is survived by his wife and two children. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at two o'clock.

—The new officers of the United Mine Workers of America for district No. 2, with headquarters at Clearfield, Clearfield county, began their administration last week. James Purcell, of Wellsboro, R. D. 6, is the new president of the union.

—Joseph Bernard and daughter Wilma and Mr. and Mrs. Preston Bernard, of Galeton, motored to this borough yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Joseph Bernard, who has been visiting relatives in town a few days, returned home with the party.

—Dr. William W. White, who has been associated with the medical staff on Ellis Island, New York city, for several months, returned home Saturday evening. He left Monday morning for Blossburg, where he has secured a position at the State hospital.

—Mrs. Diana Jones Skelton, aged 78 years, widow of the late John Skelton, Sr., died Tuesday morning at 3 o'clock, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Seth E. Peake. She is survived by two daughters and one son, Mrs. S. E. Peake, of Wellsboro; Mrs. Frank Moore, of Charleston, and William Skelton, of Shumway Hill.

—The trout fishing season opens today. It is said that in some of the larger streams some trout are to be seen but they are not nearly so plentiful as they were last fall. In fact it will be far easier to arrive at a conclusion as to how plentiful trout are after the returns of the first few days of the season have been tabulated.

—In a Western town the attorney for the electric light company was making a popular address. "Think of the good the company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigrade.'" Whereupon a shrill voice came from the rear, "O, what a charge they made!"

—It is announced that the deal for the purchase of the Forest Lawn Sanitarium property for the Wellsboro School of Music will be closed to-day. The location and surroundings are specially desirable for the purpose intended and the directors are to be congratulated in having consummated the deal which has been pending for some time.

—E. G. Carson, the horse dealer, sold teams to the following persons the past week: Bennett & Latzer, Lee Drew; Albert Cleveland, of Mansfield; Mr. Bloss, of Germania. Single horses were sold to the following: William West, H. H. Kennedy, Charles Wetmore, Leonard Green, G. W. Benjamin, John Shumansky and E. R. Gelliff.

—What we need more than anything else right now is money. In fact we need it so badly that we unblushingly make this public appeal to our readers to send us some. Won't those of you who are in arrears organize a regular April shower for the benefit of the Gazette. If it doesn't suit to send all you owe send what you can and send it quick.

—An out of town subscriber, in writing the Gazette, says: "Heartiest greetings to the new Gazette and success to its new policies. To my mind it will fill a long felt want in Tioga county, giving the people an opportunity to support something they have always seemed to want, a fearless independent newspaper. Congratulations on your anniversary and my best wishes."

—J. Weir Whitney and Miss Mary J. Campbell, both of Wellsboro, were married at the M. E. parsonage Monday morning, Rev. W. W. Brunk officiating. They left on the 9:35 train for a short wedding trip, after which they will make their home in Corning. The bride is well known in Delmar as a school teacher and the groom has been in the employ of the New York Central as a fireman the past three years.

—Mr. and Mrs. John L. Pitts, of Elmira, had business in town Tuesday and spent the evening with Superintendent and Mrs. Fred Jacobs at the County Home, where Mr. and Mrs. Pitts presided as superintendent and matron for eleven years. On Tuesday Mr. Pitts sold his farm of 201 acres together with stock, in Richmond township, to Clyde F. Cleveland for $12,000. Mr. Pitts retains the adjoining farm of 80 acres with house, barn and other buildings.

—Robert Thompson, of Morris, had business in town last Tuesday. He called at the Gazette and left his announcement as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primary election. He is a progressive farmer and is widely known in the southern part of the county. Mr. Thompson has never been an aspirant for office before and has decided to enter the race for County Commissioner at the urgent solicitation of his many friends.

—Miss Wilhelmina Deicher left last Saturday evening for Chicago, where on Sunday afternoon she was united in marriage to Dr. R. F. Steele, of Shannon, Ill. Rev. Frank Bernauer, an uncle of the bride, performed the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Dutcher, of this borough, and is known as an elocutionist and reader, having given entertainments at various places about the county. During the past year she has been teaching at the Niles Valley school. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steele, of this borough.

—*In another column we reproduce* an article headed "Stampeding the Legislature," from the Equity, a magazine devoted to efficiency and democracy in government. This timely article is of especial local interest owing to the fact that Edwin S. Potter, of Philadelphia, a former Wellsboro boy, is associate editor of the Equity. Mr. Potter was connected with the Biographical Department of the North American for several years and was also one of the founders of the Pathfinder at Washington, D. C. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Potter, of Washington, D. C., former well-known residents of this borough.

—The announcement of William S. Woodhouse, of this borough, as a candidate for Register and Recorder, appears in the proper column. Mr. Woodhouse has been a lifelong Republican and is asking for the endorsement of that party. He is a fine penman, an expert accountant and was a trusted employe in the Bingham office for several years. He is well known as the leader of the Wellsboro Military Band and also as instructor of several other bands in this immediate vicinity. Mr. Woodhouse is capable of performing the duties of Register and Recorder and has a host of friends throughout the county who will work for his election.

First Baptist Church Notes.

Delta Alpha held a social evening Friday in their upstairs class-room adjoining the belfry. Bereans, who are taught by Miss Cockburn, enjoyed a "merry-go-round" party as guests of Nina Mastin.

Two Philadelphia papers, the North American and the Baptist Commonwealth, have published a photo-cut of our new church.

There was considerable of an "after meeting" Sunday night in the front overflow room on the part of people interested to see the new names on the Powell chart, and the markings indicating the rate of payment.

Baraca sent Mr. and Mrs. J. Dockstader congratulations on their fifty-seventh wedding anniversary.

The Bailey-Brooks sections of the Pastor's Aid plan a social event of unusual character for April 23.

While W. A. Hammond is absent, W. S. Mitchell will be our building treasurer.

Niles Valley Notes.

Niles Valley, April 14.—Mrs. John Boylan and Miss Helen Laubaug, of Jersey Shore, visited at Mrs. John Kirkpatrick's last week.

The friends from out of town who were called here to attend the funeral of Miss Bertha Sweet were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sweet, of Wellsville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. James Doran, of Westfield; John, Frank and Walter Adams, of Tioga; Mrs. Lee Sample and Mrs. Chas. Sweet, of Wellsboro; Mrs. Burt Adams, of Marsh Creek, and Claude Marvin, of Corning.

Miss Harriet Weber, of Mansfield, was a Sunday visitor in town.

Miss Wilhelmina Deicher, of Wellsboro, who was our teacher the past year, was married last Sunday, April 11th, in Chicago, to Robert Steele, of that city. Best wishes go with her.

Leddie Baker, of Mansfield, is a visitor in town.

W. E. Davis, of Middlebury, has moved his family to this place.

Tax Levy Same As Last Year.

Burgess Grant Knox and Councilmen Button, Dartt, Lyon, Potter and Sherwood were present at the regular meeting of the Board last Monday evening.

The only matter of public interest passed upon by the Council was the tax levy for the current year which was made the same as last year, viz: A tax of 13 mills on the built up part of the town, with a discrimination of two mills in favor of the rural district, with the usual per capita and dog taxes.

Bills were read and ordered paid. The Council then adjourned to meet Monday evening, the 26th inst.

Bishop Darlington to Visit Wellsboro.

The Right Rev. J. H. Darlington, Bishop of Harrisburg, will make his annual visit to St. Paul's Episcopal church next Sunday evening. The Bishop will preach the sermon and also administer the rite of confirmation.

Quarantine Raised on the Circus.

For a time it was found that there would be no circuses, no elephants, no circus parades, no red lemonade in Pennsylvania this spring, and probably not during the coming summer. However, a compromise has been effected with the State Live Stock Sanitary Board. The only curtailment will be that certain animals that have formerly been features in the street parades and the menageries will not be on hand because of the foot and mouth disease.

Officials of the State Sanitary Board said they had no objection to circuses coming into the State if deer, pecaries, cattle, sheep, goats, zebus, buffaloes, American bison, camels, llamas, giraffes and antelopes are not carried. This revokes a former ruling which would have absolutely barred the circus from the State for fear of spreading the foot and mouth disease among domestic cattle.

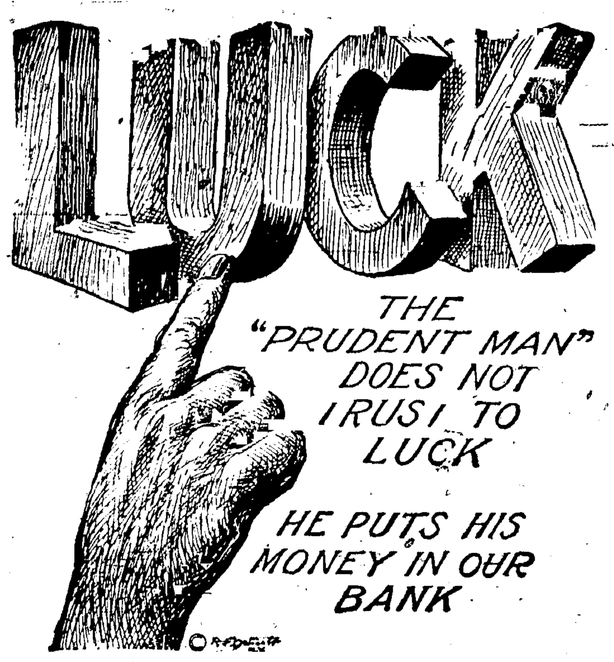
Several days ago Federal government officials issued an order which would have prevented circuses from traveling through any quarantined districts and this was followed by the Sanitary Board statement that it would back up the government. With the lifting of the ban on all except certain animals the State officials have followed suit.

—We will say, without reservation, that Towanda needs a dollar-a-day hotel, such as Mr. Ochs has run, and we will recommend that the temperance, or no-license league, either rent or buy the place and continue it as a temperance hotel. They insist that a license is not necessary and here is a first class chance for them to demonstrate their theory.—Bradford Star.

MERCHANT TAILORING

IF you are in need of a nice, neat suit of clothes for Spring or Summer, made to order to please you, call on us. We have a fine line of samples of the latest designs and patterns. Our prices are moderate and our work is guaranteed.

SHERIDAN & SEELY
Over the White Front Restaurant, Wellsboro



The CAREFUL man—the man who takes no long chances—is the one who will win out over the man who goes blindly into things and trusts to "luck." Nothing can stop the success of a man who keeps sober, works hard and regularly BANKS a part of his income from his labor or his business. Is it not better to have your money and keep your balance GROWING—than to trust to DANGEROUS "luck"?

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank

We Pay 3½% Interest in Our Savings Dept.

First National Bank

OF WELLSBORO, PA.

The Oldest and Strongest Bank in Northern Pennsylvania

TWICE A YEAR

The interest will be credited on your Savings Account at the rate of - - - **3½%** **NO ATTENTION BOTHER WORRY**

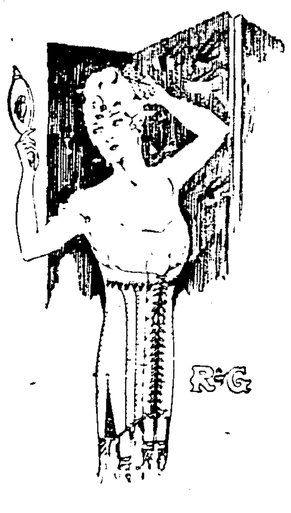
Whether you are present or absent; whether you look after it or not, your account is credited with the interest just the same.

BEGIN TO-DAY **Dollar Deposits Welcome**

THE BEST ACCOUNT FOR INACTIVE FUNDS IN TIOGA COUNTY

Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.

The Style-Craft Store



Corset Department

Let us show you our C 152 Front Lace R. & G. Corset. The fit is glove like, giving the much desired tall slim effect, erect poise, and graceful carriage. **Price, $2.00**

THIS CUT

Represents one of the famous

Style-Craft Stouts

If you have difficulty in being fitted try this make garment. These garments are always perfect in fit and workmanship.

"For the Good Old Summertime"

Your dress requirements are many. Don't fail to see our beautiful line of Wash Goods, consisting of

COLORED	WHITE
Percales	Dimities
Ginghams	Crepes
Flowered Crepes	Voiles
Flowered Voiles	Organdies
Bates Crepes	Fancy Organdies
Seersuckers	Crepe de Chenes

And many other beautiful fabrics.

MATHERS & MARCH

WELLSBORO, PA.

The Gazette.

WELLSBORO, PA.

FRANK CONEVERY - Editor and Owner

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For President Judge.

To the Voters of Tioga County: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Judge of the several Courts of Tioga county, subject to the provisions of the Non-Partisan Act of July 24, 1913.

S. F. CHANNELL.

To the Voters of Tioga County:—I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga County, on the Non-Partisan Judicial ballot at the Primary Election to be held September 21, 1915.

FRANK H. ROCKWELL.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Judge of the several Courts of the Fourth Judicial District, comprising Tioga County, subject to the decision of the voters at the Primary Election, September 21, 1915.

THOMAS A. CRICHTON.

The following named persons have announced as candidates for the offices specified below, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of Tioga county at the primary election:

For County Commissioner.
SAMUEL O. PUTNAM, Covington.

For County Auditor.
FRANK E. REINWALD, Gaines.

The following named persons have announced as candidates for the offices specified below, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of Tioga county at the primary election:

For County Treasurer.
OTIS H. EVANS, Wellsboro.

For Register and Recorder.
WILLIAM S. WOODHOUSE, Wellsboro.

For County Commissioner.
REUBEN E. CLEVELAND, Mansfield.
ROBERT THOMPSON, Morris.

The local option bill will be voted on finally in the House next Tuesday.

The nations now at war in Europe are said to have lost $5,950,000 men in eight months.

Billy Sunday ordered the devil to "get out of Paterson." Now citizens are afraid to leave the place.

Forty-nine school teachers, to carry forward the work of civilization in the Philippines, will sail from San Francisco on April 24th. Of the number, but one is a woman.

Of course Hampy Moore didn't *mean to be personal or unkind*, but when, on the floor of the House of Representatives, the other day, while defending the President's veto of the immigration bill he reminded Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrisy and William B. Wilson, principal sponsors of that "offspring of bigotry," that they were all born in foreign countries, he certainly threw a harpoon which made a deep wound.—Bellefonte Watchman.

According to statistics furnished by the State Department of Agriculture 86 per cent. of the 217,000 farmers of Pennsylvania used commercial fertilizers last year, and doubtless some of the others used lime. This shows that practically all the farmers of the State are up-to-date business men, who will not hang back at putting anything on their land that will give a return. A comparatively few years ago there were many farmers who took no stock in such newfangled things as commercial fertilizers, but now they are for anything that will give them a better crop.

Former Representative A. Mitchell Palmer is not permitting his appointment as a Justice of the United States Court of Claims to interfere with his political activities. His name appears as the signature to letters sent out by the Democratic National Committee, pleading for funds for that organization. Mr. Palmer signs the letters as chairman of the finance committee of the national committee. The letters have been sent to all prominent Democrats, members of Congress and others, from whom contribution have been received in the past and who can be looked to for additional help to the organization.

Provision to have women watchers at the polls next November, when the voters will pass on the suffrage amendment, is made in a bill introduced by Senator Vare, at the instance of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association through the efforts of Mrs. Frank M. Roessing, its president. The bill provides that each county chairman of the State body advocating adoption of the amendment shall be entitled to appoint two watchers in each election district, and each county chairman of the organization opposing the amendment shall be entitled to appoint two watchers. The watchers may be qualified electors or adult women residents of the district.

Considerably more than half a million dollars already has been spent by the State of Pennsylvania in putting down the epidemic of foot and mouth disease. Rough figures compiled by the State Livestock Sanitary Board show that the cost of the outbreak runs to $1,067,923.57, this expense being borne equally by the Federal and State governments. This sum does not include the cost of increased field forces, etc., but merely the cost of livestock and other property destroyed, the cost of slaughter and burial, disinfecting, supplies, etc. There have been 23,552 animals destroyed in Pennsylvania since the middle of last October, of which 15,278 were cattle, 1862 swine and 412 sheep.

Our Bradford and Tioga county [illegible] are beginning to see the [illegible] as it dawned on us four [illegible] Palmer, McCormick, [illegible] et al stole the livery of [illegible] in Pennsylvania, and in [illegible] have [illegible]

If every Democratic newspaper in the Commonwealth will take the advice of the Bradford Star, and enlighten their readers as to the treachery of the postoffice brokers under the leadership of Palmer, Wilson and McCormick there may be now and then a chance next November to install in office a Democrat. Otherwise the party might just as well as not close *up shop and go out of business.*—Smethport Democrat.

STAMPEDING THE LEGISLATURE

Local Option and Full Crew Repeal Demonstrations at Harrisburg.

(From the Equity.)

On April 6th about 5,000 citizens from all parts of Pennsylvania surged into Harrisburg and held a series of enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of the local option measure pending before the Legislature. Governor Brumbaugh, U. S. Senator Oliver and other men of prominence aided the demonstration with their presence and voice.

The object of this elaborate and expensive demonstration (running into many thousands of dollars) was to impress the elected representatives of the people with the idea that the counties should have the privilege of voting once in three years as to the granting or withholding of saloon licenses.

Only a short time before this the railroad corporations got a great crowd of people to go to Harrisburg as one feature of their very extensive and costly campaign to induce the Legislature to repeal the Full Crew law. Similar demonstration were made by the trainmen in defense of the law and by the liquor forces in opposition to the local option bill.

What does all this effort and expense signify. Why is it necessary? What is its net result?

It means just this: that the people of this great State have not yet obtained an orderly and efficient process of expressing the will of the electorate as to important questions.

It means that although a majority *of the voters have elected the legislators*, the latter have no means of knowing what the will of the people may be as to any particular measure up for consideration.

That is why the local option advocates and the Full Crew repealers have felt the necessity of making these crude, noisy and very expensive demonstrations.

But the net result of these demonstrations is at best only a hint at what the majority opinion of the voters of the State on these questions actually is. The impressive throng of 5,000 local optionists at Harrisburg, after all was said and done, amounted to what, in relation to the electorate? The presidential vote in this State at the 1912 election, for all candidates totaled 1,219,751. This means that the 5,000 voters who made the big noise at Harrisburg for local option amounted to just about two-fifths of one per cent of the electorate.

Yet this affair is pointed to by the newspapers as a wonderful demonstration of the sentiment of the people. Says the Philadelphia Ledger:

"Never before in the history of Pennsylvania has there been such an emphatic expression of the will of the people as upon the question of local option. However the votes of the several legislative districts last fall may be interpreted, it is unmistakably clear that there is a popular demand for local option to-day. The delegations that appeared in Harrisburg yesterday to support Governor Brumbaugh's bill undoubtedly represent the prevailing sentiment and conviction of the Commonwealth."

Now we are not here concerned with the pros and cons of local option and, for all we know, it may be true that a large majority of the voters of Pennsylvania have been hoping that their representatives at Harrisburg would pass a local option bill. But we don't know it. There is no means of our knowing it. Our law makers at Harrisburg don't know it, nor have they any means of finding it out. They do know, from these expensive and noisy gatherings of the voters, that a very small percentage of the voters want local option. But that is all. And yet some people talk about the 5 per cent or 8 per cent of voters generally required for merely obtaining a submission in the initiative and referendum States as being "minority government." But if these mob-like demonstrations are to stampede our legislators into hasty legislation this would be minority rule with a vengeance. Opponents of the referendum even go so far as to be dissatisfied because the total vote on measures submitted to the people averages about 70 per cent of the full registered vote. But here the opportunity is given for every voter in the State to express his opinion if he has one.

It may be said that, as a candidate, Governor Brumbaugh declared himself for local option; and that on this account the decision of the people for local option must be assumed in this election. But it must be remembered that he declared for many other policies at the same time; and that the fact of his being the nominee of the Republican party organization carried with it a multitude of voters regardless of the party platform. The leaders of that party to-day, or some of them, are still opposed to local option.

Now why, in the name of common sense and of the ideal of self government for which the American nation stands, should not the voters of Pennsylvania possess an orderly, systematic, and relatively inexpensive instrumentality for expressing their majority will upon this important public policy, or upon any other particular question of importance

With that instrument in the hands of the voters, every great issue that comes up would be capable of a definite and authoritative disposal at a given time, in an orderly and lawful, intelligent and deliberate manner. Contrast that with these attempts of a noisy handful of the voters to stampede the Legislature. This comes perilously near the "gusty passions of the mob" which our great and good friend, Mr. Taft, so often warns us against. It is this sort of "mob law" that the friends of genuine popular government always deplore. We want public questions to be decided by the voters in orderly and deliberate fashion at regular elections, *when legislatures have failed to do* their duty.

With these orderly instruments in use the elected legislators would know that if they failed, either from incorrect judgment or from willful disregard of their duty, to enact a measure wanted by the people, then the people could rise in their supreme might and enforce their will at the next regular election.

Thus the temptation of powerful interests to bribe legislators would be removed for it would neved be certain that the legislators could "deliver the goods." On the other hand, a new and strong incentive would be given to our representatives in the Legislature to try to find out what the people want done, or not done, and then to give us in fact as well as in name, "representative government."

Governor Brumbaugh, in his address to the local optionists, said he was a firm believer in the right of the people to rule and put the question thus:

"It is not a 'wet' or 'dry' measure. Only false men and ignorant men will hold this. The whole issue is 'shall the people themselves have the right once in three years to decide for themselves whether or not licenses shall issue for the sale of intoxicants in the several counties of Pennsylvania. If you believe in the rule of the people, if you trust the people, if you are a real American, you cannot deny the fairness of this proposition.

"What right have the delegated representatives of the people to deny the people a right that is as fundamental as that by which they choose delegated representatives? If the people are not to be given this right, by what reason are they given any right? They rule in this country, and giving them their own is giving what we cannot justly deny."

The Governor is right and his stand on this question is a stand for the system by which the people may always have the possibility of final direct control of their own affairs. The people of Pennsylvania must wake up to this important truth.

A Novel Stunt.

A novel plan is that of "rain insurance" put forward by two of our prominent advertisers this week, says the Canton Sentinel. The plan is simplicity itself. There is no red tape, no special prizes, no drawing of numbered tickets. You simply save your purchase slips, on which has been stamped "Rain Check." If it rains on a given day you get five per cent. of your money back. We presume that the understanding is that it must rain here, in Canton borough, at least enough to make the use of an umbrella necessary, and that the rain must fall sometime during the ordinary hours of business or pleasure.

—A Kansas girl recently discovered that March is the shortest month of the year because the wind blows three days out of every week.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats 98c to $5.98

One of the most popular things we ever did, was the addition of this wonderful line of hats. Values are most surprising, styles absolutely the latest, shipments arriving continually. Look at the hats here illustrated. You'll marvel at their price reasonableness.

UNTRIMMED SHAPES—Newest styles, best materials. **50c** and **98c.**

This Is "Black Cat Week"

Black Cat Hosiery

We sell them in Wellsboro. Do you know the wonderful Children's Hose at 12½c and 25c

Special for Saturday ONLY

None sold until 10 a. m. Saturday, April 17th.

No mail or telephone orders filled. No samples given out.

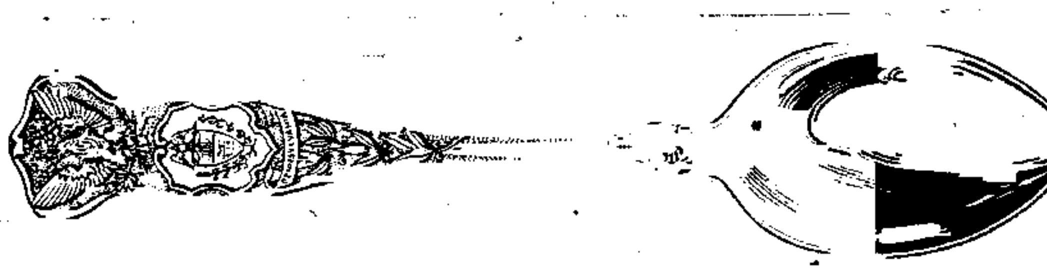
2000 yards of NEW DRESS GINGHAMS, over 40 different patterns, a complete line, including plaids, checks and stripes, as well as plain colors, in practically every shade, 27 inches wide, 12½c values, for the one day only, per yard 9c

Special Orders of Carpets

For a few days only, we can execute orders for Carpets at special price concessions.

We have here a splendid assortment of carpet samples, ranging from Tapestries to the highest grade of Bigelow Velvets, in a large variety of new and unusually handsome patterns. We can have rugs as well as carpets made from these samples.

Act at once. This offer open only a few days.



Souvenir Spoons for 10c with $1 Purchase

SATURDAY, APRIL 17th—ALL DAY

With each $1 purchase of other goods, customers will be entitled to buy for 10c.

ONE PENNSYLVANIA SOUVENIR SPOON

GUARANTEED BY THE MANUFACTURER TO BE PLATED WITH STERLING SILVER 999-1000ths fine on a basic plating of nickel. If for any reason it should prove unsatisfactory we will give a new spoon in exchange at any time. Handsomely embossed with State seal, and like the spoon advertised at much higher prices in the newspapers. Saturday only.

VELVET RIBBONS

Good quality, satin back, heavy nap, a special value.

No. 12 and No. 16 width at	25c
No. 22 width at	30c
No. 40 width at	40c

THREE "Onyx" DAYS

The National Annual Hosiery Event

APRIL

15th Thursday **16th** Friday **17th** Saturday

"Onyx" Hosiery

At Special Prices on these Days Only

FOR WOMEN

580 SP: Women's "ONYX" Medium Light Weight Silk Lisle with Pointex Heel, "Dub-l Top, extra heavy Spliced Heel and Toe; Black only.
"ONYX" DAY PRICE — 3 pairs for $1.00

6607: Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk Boot with Lisle "Dub-l" Top; Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe, Black and White.
"ONYX" DAY PRICE — 3 pairs for $1.00

141: Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk; Medium Weight; Lisle Garter Top and Sole; Extra Double Heel and Toe; Black only.
"ONYX" DAY PRICE — 60 cents per pair

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk; a Fine Medium Weight; "Dub-l" Garter Top of Silk or Lisle; High Spliced Heel and Double Sole of Silk or Lisle; Black and White.
"ONYX" DAY PRICE — $1.00 per pair

FOR MEN

715: Men's "ONYX" Pure Silk, Spliced Heel, Sole and Toe; in Black only.
"ONYX" DAY PRICE — 3 pairs for $1.00

1326: Men's "ONYX" Finest Pure Silk, Medium Weight; Reinforced Heel, Sole, and Toe; Black and Colors.
"ONYX" DAY PRICE — $1.00 per pair

FOR MISSES

X 46: Misses' "ONYX" Medium Weight "Dub-l Wear" Lisle; Fine Ribbed; Black and Tan; Sizes 5 to 10; Best Misses' Hose in America.
25¢ per pair

What Do We Sell?

In order to get people more familiar with what we sell, we shall give a premium to the person who makes the most complete list of articles that we carry for sale, and to each person bringing a list of at least three articles to our store will be given fifty Booster Coupons. To the person handing in the most complete list will be given a 42 piece Dinner Set and 10,000 coupons; to the second, 8,000 coupons; to the third, 6,000 coupons; to the fourth, 4,000 coupons; and to the fifth, 2,000 coupons. In case of a tie for first place the dishes will be sold at auction and the money divided, but the premium coupons will be divided equally among all tieing. To each person bringing in a list, no matter how small, who makes a purchase of $1.00 or more at the time, will be given 1,000 extra Booster Coupons besides those given with the purchase.

In making a list, just name the kind of article; for example, if there are 20 barrels of sugar in the sore, just put "sugar" on your list.

All lists must be in before Saturday night, May 15th.

The plan by which you may get thousands of coupons will close Saturday.

Who will be the Best Booster and win the watch on Monday, April 26th.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

SATURDAY

1 to 3—Mrs. Ed. Repard, Piano; Mrs. Ed. Repard, Violin; Mrs. Sam Clark, Piano; Geo. Cole, Violin; Amos Clark, Violin and Mandolin; Arthur Tome, Harmonica.

3 to 4—Joseph E. Fischler, Harmonica.

8 to 9—Donald Rockwell, Solo; Rachel Moore, Piano

Quadruple Coupons this Week on Cash Purchases

Silver won by—

Club of Miss Esther Mulford, 22 pieces.

Club of Miss Florence Stratton, 11 pieces.

Following is the Standing of Boosters at Close of Business, Monday, April 12th:

Master Lloyd Evans	1	Mrs. Jessie Wilcox	9
Miss Eva L. Reese	2	Miss Madeline Newell	10
Miss Hazel Dewey	3	Miss Mae Thornton	11
Miss Esther Mulford	4	Mrs. Arthur Everetts	12
Mrs. Myron Bailey Jr.	5	Master Harry Butler	13
Miss Dorothy Lent	6	Miss Mary Hall	14
Mrs. Henry Keck	7	Miss Ella Buck	15
Miss Florence Stratton	8		

It pays to trade at Berkoff's

WELLSBORO

THE BOOSTER STORE

We Have a Complete Line of Best

Clover, Timothy, Garden & Field Seeds

IN STOCK AT LOW MARKET PRICES

A carload of those extra heavy Montana Seed Oats; they are the best yielders and are free from smut.

Biles Union Grains, the best dairy feed on earth, sold by us. If you want a feed with beet pulp in it, then buy the pulp and mix with your feed and save money, as pulp sells for $5.00 a ton less than feed. We sell the beet pulp.

FLOUR FLOUR

We are selling flour at less than carload prices. Try a sack of Neptune or Ceresota and be convinced both as to quality and price.

Our stocks of Dairy and Poultry Feeds are complete and of the best quality. We also sell Armour's High Grade Fertilizers.

Geo. C. & F. A. Brooks

No. 7 East Ave. : 92 Main Street

SUMMARY OF THE WAR NEWS

Interesting Incidents and Happenings of the Past Week in the European War Zone

THURSDAY

The Russians, having carried the summits of the principal chain of the Beskid mountains in the western section, are coming down the rugged slopes to gain possession of the southern spurs, some of which they have already captured, according to the official statement from Russian headquarters.

Unquestionably heavy reinforcements have come to the support of both the oposing forces, and the Austro-Hungarians now have added to their strength numerous German contingents which are giving them powerful aid in checking the Russian advance through Uzsok pass, the one line of defence which the Russians have not succeeded in breaking.

Both French and Germans tell of the bitter struggle which is going on between the rivers Meuse and Moselle in France, and the fight is by no means ended, although there are evdences that the losses on both sides are great.

The Sultan of Turkey is convinced that the allies will not be able to force the Dardanelles.

The operations around Verdun were begun several days ago by the French, whose offensive was undertaken for the purpose of forcing back the German line at St. Mihiel. Claims are made by both of important successes which can be reconciled by the fact that the official statements issued bear respectively on different points of the line. One thing certain is that wherever an advance is made the price is paid.

"Although they bend every effort and used every means at their disposal they will be unable to achieve their purpose," the Sultan said in an interview.

The optimism of the Sultan seems to be shared by Field Marshal von Der Goltz, the German commander of the Turkish forces. Turkey, according to the field marshal, is now better prepared than ever for the war, having 1,200,000 trained troops and several hundred thousand reserves.

Italy's warships have suddenly left their bases and are concentrated at Augusta (Sicily) and at Taranto, the fleet, comprising dreadnoughts, cruisers and destroyers, is considered the strongest Italy has ever had. Its future plans are known only to King Victor Emmanuel and one or two of the highest government officials.

The tragedy of the German submarine U-29, whose commander was believed to be the famous Captain Otto Weddigen, is told in an official statement from Berlin which says that this submarine "has not returned from its last cruise, and must be regarded as lost." The British admiralty on March 26 reported that the U-29 with her crew had been sent to the bottom.

A bill is in preparation for presentation to the French chamber of deputies authorizing the government to purchase cargoes of neutrals captured by the French while in transit to belligerents. The American cotton cargo of the steamer Dacia would come under the operation of the proposed measure.

The commander of the German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich has decided to intern his vessel, now at Newport News, until the end of the war.

FRIDAY

A report which has created immense interest in London is that from Rome to the effect that Austria is seeking a separate peace with Russia. This report lacks confirmation and is not credited. It is not considered likely that Germany would be sending reinforcements to the Carpathians if there were any doubt of Austria's loyalty to her ally.

Italy takes the matter more seriously than the other nations, for should it prove true it would end her hopes of gaining territorial accessions from Austria. However, the stubborn way in which Austria is resisting the Russian advances in the Carpathians seems to contradict the suggestion that she is ready to seek peace at Russia's terms.

The fighting in the mountain passes continues as fiercely as ever and although Austria claims that her troops, with the assistance of Germans, have gained success on both sides of the Laborcza valley during Easter, the Russians are, on the whole, much further advanced than they were a week ago and have now forced the Dukla, Lupkow and Rostock passes, and are pouring troops into the region of Uzsok pass, where the heaviest battle is now in progress.

So far as the rest of the Eastern front is concerned the only battle of any importance is that in Bukowina where the Austrians are thrusting at the Russian positions in the hope of compelling the Russians to send reinforcements from the Carpathians.

In West Galicia and Poland the overflowing rivers and bottomless marshes prevent movements on a large scale.

These same conditions are hindering the French operations between the Meuse and Moselle rivers, the French official report stating that heavy rains have rendered the ground unfit for the movement of troops and the employment of artillery.

There is a very important battle in progress in this region, however, and the French claim to be making advances, a claim which is contested by the Germans, who declare that all the attacks have been repulsed.

Whichever report is correct, there is little doubt that a sanguinary battle is being fought and that in the attacks and counter-attacks very heavy losses have been sustained.

The people of Europe are expectantly awaiting a renewal of the attack on the Dardanelles—this time with land and sea forces. But the only news from that part of the world is that Turkey has decided to call up all men capable of bearing arms, an indication that she expects the allies to bring exceedingly strong forces against her.

SATURDAY

The Russian successes in the Carpathian mountains, where the Muscovities are now said to control virtually all the important passes and are preparing for a descent on the southern slopes onto the plains of Hungary, have revived unofficial talk of separate peace for Austro-Hungary, and seemingly increasing anxiety on the part of interventionists in Italy for their country to take up arms on the side of the allies and secure territory which they have failed to get in the negotiations through Germany with Austria.

The Russian newspapers seem convinced that Hungary, if not the whole of the dual monarchy, is ready to seek peace, and it is said that Emperor Francis Joseph has requested Pope Benedict to intervene in his behalf. Except in Italy, the neutral country most directly interested in this question, little credence is given this report, although the opinion is expressed in London military circles that if Russia succeeds in overcoming the joint resistance of the Austro-German troops in the Carpathians, as she apparently has that of the Austro-Hungarian armies, Hungary at least will be ready to bring the war to an end as far as she is concerned.

However, the Russians have some way to get as yet before they reach the plains of Hungary, and the Austro-German forces are placing every obstacle in their way. The whole southern slopes of the mountains have been strongly fortified and troops are being poured into the region in dispute. It is said there are now twenty-four Austrian and six German army corps facing the Russians, and that more are on the way. On the other hand the Russians are still bringing up reserves, and, according to the Austrian report, they are attacking without any regard for the loss of human life.

The British military critics express the greatest admiration for the manner in which the Russians have handled the Carpathian campaign. Their advance between Polianka and Bartfeld, they say, squeezed the Austrians out of the Dukla pass, that from Dukla squeezed them out of Mezolaborez and from west to east this process has continued until all the passes are in the hands of the Russian emperor's troops. The critics contend that the Austro-Germans must now return from East Galicia and Bukowina or they will find themselves cut off.

Just as there is a battle, but on a smaller scale, is going on in the west between the Meuse and the Moselle, where the French are [illegible] their offensive against the Germans [illegible] continue to make progress. The [illegible] which announce that all the French attacks have been repulsed with heavy losses.

The Germans have made an attack on the British lines in Northern France, which was repulsed, and have, according to Berlin, recaptured from the Belgians the village of Het Sas [illegible] on the Yser, which has changed hands several times within a few days. Elsewhere, so far as the public has been informed there has been no fighting worth mention.

Nothing official has been forthcoming regarding a reported naval engagement off the Norwegian coast, and the news from the Dardanelles grows less as the time shortens for the anticipated new attack there. The submarines appear to have become less active. Incoming steamers report having seen some of these craft, but no vessels are reported to have been sunk by them.

SUNDAY

There has been a considerable extension of the battlefields, both in the Carpathians and in the Woevre district of France, where fighting of extreme violence continues by day and night, without, however, any definite decision having been reached in either region.

The Russians have made themselves masters of the principal chain of mountains from Dukla Pass to Uzsok Pass and have begun an attack on the German forces which hold the hills from the latter pass eastward to the Verezke Pass. This section of the Carpathians has been the scene since early February of many fierce encounters between the Germans, who were sent to help the Austrians in their fruitless efforts to relieve Przemysl, and the Russian army, whose task it was to hold them back until the fall of the fortress.

Now this German army has been given another task—that of trying to prevent the Russians from straightening out their line, which is necessary before the invasion of Hungary is undertaken.

It is apparent that this army has succeeded in at least checking the advance of the Russian east wing, as the Austrian official report claims a victory for the Germans in this section, while the Russians admit that they have been unable to capture Hill 992, which lies about midway between Uzsok and Verezke Passes.

As the Russians have immense forces at their disposal and splendid railways to take them to the front, [illegible] the Russian military [illegible] the public that [illegible] of the Carpathian battles, as the Russians still have serious obstacles to overcome and the further they advance through the mountains the more difficult will be the task of their armies.

The Russians have made important captures of artillery and war munitions in the recent fighting in the Carpathians, according to dispatches to Swiss newspapers. In the County of Saros alone they took two batteries of 12-inch mortars, four other batteries of different calibres, 20 quick-firers and 7,600 shells for 6-inch guns.

(Late War News on Page Eight.)

GIRL IN BUSINESS OF KILLING RATS

Gertrude Heitler Succeeds to Trade in Which Her Father Excelled.

SHE USES HER BARE HANDS

Not Afraid of Rodents and Has Crews of Men to Work Aboard Ships and in Buildings.

New York.—New York now has the only official woman rat catcher in the world. Through the recent death of her father, William A. Heitler, last except one of the old-time rodent exterminators, who caught them with his bare hands, Gertrude Heitler, slim of form, has become his successor.

In the little messed-up room at 392 Broome street, that is laboratory, rat cage and vermin exterminator manufactory, she can be found any of these days poring over the score sheet which details the operations of her "rat-catching crew," in ships, hotels and dwellings. If she is in one of her light moods—and she is generally—she may be found tweaking the tail of Fifi, her pet house rat, or Mozart, hoary father of many generations of wharf rodents.

Afraid of rats? Miss Heitler gazed in astonishment at me and then grinned in sympathy with the barber from the shop next door, as she rubbed Fifi's head and filched away from Mozart a piece of rye bread that he was methodically eating in circular nibbles.

"Not me," she laughed. "I love all animals. Why, ferrets, rabbits, rats, guinea pigs and squirrels are the nicest of all. You ought to have seen the prize guinea pigs I just sold this morning and some of the pigeons we have at home in Red Bank."

Miss Heitler possesses what the old successors to the Pied Piper of Hamlintown had—a magnetic influence that keeps sharp-teethed rodents in blissful subjection. She does not use any magic flute, and she does not sing any tunes to them.

All her life Miss Heitler has known rats—imported, domestic, lean and fat. Her father when 12 years old went to work for Harry Jennings, called "Dick, the Rat," and until he died last week, forty-one years later, he did nothing but kill rats. His score was nearly [illegible] and in all that time he [illegible] never used poison.

[illegible]

[illegible] rat killers [illegible]

[illegible]

Most of the rodents caught are killed immediately. In the days when germ culture was just becoming known thousands were used for experimental purposes by hospitals. But the wharf and ordinary house rat has a disposition not attuned to familiarity. He bites and scratches, and injuries so inflicted generally are followed by blood poisoning. So nowadays the hospitals and experiment stations rear their own rats, generally white ones, or experiment with guinea pigs.

DOG HIS OWN EXPRESSMAN

Breaks Out of Crate and Finds Mistress in Her Own New Home.

Pitman, N. J.—When Mrs. James Gordon, whose family has just moved here from Indiana, went to the telephone to answer a call from a local expressman who reported the arrival of the Gordons' dog from the Western state, she was interrupted by a scratching at the back door.

As she opened the door the dog came bounding into the room. He had broken out of his crate in front of the express office more than a mile from the Gordon home, while the expressman was telephoning. There were $3 express charges due on the dog, which the expressman gave up hope of ever collecting until Mrs Gordon drove into town an hour later and told of the arrival of her pet.

Poultry Pointers.

Don't fail to keep the poultry house floor covered with [illegible] and in this scatter the grain. This will keep them busy [illegible] busy hens the healthy and laying hen.

If poultry meat is the main object of the poultry raising you are seeking for, then [illegible] of the Asiatic class, such as the Light or Dark Brahma or one of the Cochin varieties.

So many think winter is here and the lice are away [illegible] is not so. If you investigate you will find them, and right now is a good time to fight them. You can soon rid your poultry of lice in the cold months of the year.

"Science" and "scientific" when applied to poultry feeding, should refer exclusively to that kind of science which consists in skill acquired by intelligent practice. Especially when feeding for eggs in winter, this may be applied.

If eggs are the object, choose your layers from the best laying strains—not always the highest scoring birds, but usually a well bred of standard requirements.

WHALES AS RAMS.

Two Resolute and Effective Attacks Upon Vessels.

While cruising in the South Seas the whaler Essex on November [illegible] 1820, was furiously attacked by a cow sperm whale supposed to have been the mother of a calf which had just been harpooned. The whale had not been wounded herself and her attack was very determined. At her first rush she passed under the Essex and carried away a great length of her false keel; then coming to the surface a considerable distance away she appeared to take bearings and deliberately charged the vessel again, ramming her with such violence that she stove in the bows, while the ship rolled so heavily that the captain thought she must be dismasted. The case is memorable because the crew had to abandon the vessel, and one boat was never heard of again.

A more singular instance of a whale attacking a vessel occurred in 1895, the singularity lies in the fact that in the case of the Handa Isle the attack was entirely unprovoked. This vessel, a brigantine of 2[illegible] tons, was on her way to Sydney with a cargo of timber. On August 24 about noon, a couple of sperm whales rose very close to the vessel, and while the crew watched them "sporting" across her bows the pair suddenly slewed around and came straight for her. One thought better of it and dived below the Handa Isle, the other struck her fair and square on the beam, crushing in her timbers. Having rammed the ship in this resolute fashion it sheered off terribly damaged about the head, and presently sank tail first.

Fortunately there were some packages of rawhides on board and the crew were able to keep the vessel afloat with the pumps until a rough and ready collision mat had been fashioned out of these and drawn over the leak.

THE DEMON SNUFF

Southern Papers Have Taken Up the Cudgel Against It.

The Jackson News has taken up the cudgels against the use of snuff—not the old time method of taking a pinch by the nostrils, but the dipping of Scotch snuff, which was formerly quite common in certain sections of Mississippi and other Southern States and which is still practiced to an extent which one would scarcely believe except for the statistics on the sale of Scotch snuff in these States.

Strange enough, the fight against [illegible] habit in Mississippi was started by the barbers' union of Jackson [illegible]

[illegible] members of the [illegible] in regard to [illegible] matter, and by the time the Louisiana [illegible] meets in January public sentiment in the State will have been so crystallized that there will be no trouble in securing the needed legislation.

An aged negro was called as a witness in an Alabama court. Before he was sworn the presiding magistrate directed the usual question be put to the negro. "Do you know the nature of an oath?"

The old man shifted himself from one foot to the other before replying. A sly grin crept into his face.

"Well, jedge," said he, "I cain't say how 'tis wid [illegible]s' folks, but yo' honoh, I reckon it's sorter secon' nature wid me."

That Saturday Night Line of Men at the Express Office

THERE'S a strong story in that Williams—a story of what prohibition is doing for your town. Those men are spending a lot of money because you've tried to deprive them of their honest right to drink beer. That money's going to dealers just twenty miles from your town—not a cent of it ever comes back. It's a sure thing, too, that the express companies don't spend those heavy shipping receipts in your city.

It's [illegible] of prohibition, W[illegible]. Close the [illegible] spectacle, [illegible] conducted [illegible] saloon and [illegible] legislation to rob men of [illegible] liberty, and [illegible] have a problem that never works out in favor of a town. You don't keep men from drinking. Refuse to sell them beer, which heretofore they have drunk moderately because they know it's the drink of True Temperance and beneficial and stimulating, and the stronger drink line bobs up. You send thousands of dollars out of the town that ought to be spent right there, and you encourage drunkenness and law-breaking.

Your town will wake up some day, Williams, like many another town that has been disillusioned.

Mercantile Appraisement

—OF—

Retailers and Wholesalers of Merchandise

TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,

FOR THE YEAR OF 1915

BLOSS.

J. W. Jackson & Son .... Arnot
T. J. Johnson .... "
H. H. Roberts .... "
Patrick Riordan .... "

BLOSSBURG.

H. H. Roberts .... Blossburg
W. H. McCarty .... "
David N. Evans .... "
N. R. Mitchell .... "
George D. Clark .... "
C. E. Rauscher .... "
Blair Clothing Co. .... "
A. J. Metherell .... "
W. R. Logan, Groceries .... "
W. R. Logan, Hardware .... "
Lewis Gell .... "
J. W. Evans .... "
John Burke .... "
Alfred Hewitt .... "
J. F. Woesler .... "
Smith & Landon .... "
Edward Greenhalgh .... "
J. W. Jackson & Son .... "
L. W. Fitts .... "
Carlyle Bros .... "
M. R. Sharp .... "
Mark Davis .... "
Chas. Monroe .... "
Wm. C. Reinhart .... "
Richter Bros. .... "
J. L. Davis .... "
W. M. Calkins .... "
Wm. F. O'Donnell .... "
J. A. Anderson .... "
A. Barbacz .... "
Kelley & Kerwin .... "
J. L. Jones .... "
[illegible]

BROOKFIELD.

[illegible] .... Austinburg
[illegible] .... Westfield, R. F. D.
[illegible]

CHARLESTON.

[illegible] .... Wellsboro, R. F. D.

CHATHAM.

[illegible] .... Little Marsh
[illegible] .... Middlebury Center
[illegible] .... Knoxville

CLYMER.

[illegible] .... Sabinsville

[illegible]

DELMAR.

[illegible] .... Tiadaghton
E. F. Kreiser & Son .... Stony Fork
[illegible]
Frank Anderson .... "
E. M. Hart .... "
[illegible] .... Delmar
[illegible] .... Wellsboro, R. F. D.
[illegible]

DUNCAN.

[illegible] .... Antrim
[illegible]
Edgar S. Lindsey .... "
W. M. Hailes .... Wellsboro, R. F. D.

ELK.

[illegible] .... Leetonia

ELKLAND.

[illegible] .... Elkland
[illegible]

FARMINGTON.

[illegible] .... Middlebury

GAINES.

[illegible] .... Gaines
[illegible]

[illegible]

LAWRENCE.

W. D. McNaughton .... Tompkins
B. L. Fletcher & Co. .... Lawrenceville
Crowell & Carpenter .... "
George E. Cook .... "
H. Mattison .... "
J. H. Putnam .... "
L. W. Inman .... "
Ira L. Price .... "
Swan & Camp .... "
A. C. Wright .... "
L. H. & W. Darling .... "
M. C. Bass .... "
[illegible]

LIBERTY.

[illegible]
W. H. Zuker .... "
William Searles .... "
R. A. DeCoursey .... "
Sawyer Brothers .... "
Fred B. Miller .... "
A. L. Fick .... "
M. Schick .... "
H. L. Merrill .... "
R. F. Bastain .... "
W. A. Yaudes .... "
F. G. Roupp .... "
H. A. Black .... "
Mrs. J. Kirkpatrick .... "
C. T. Ritter .... "
A. L. Kline .... "
C. E. Maneval .... "
F. W. English .... "
R. G. Heyler .... "

MIDDLEBURY.

John Kirkpatrick .... Middlebury
George Merton .... "
T. E. McInroy .... "
Mrs. P. E. Wilcox .... "
L. Gee & Son .... "
James Wakely .... "
M. J. Smith .... "
A. C. Close .... "
M. C. Potter .... "
W. J. Greenfield .... "
N. W. Kiser .... "
F. A. Stratton .... "
Crooked Creek Mills .... Crooked Creek
C. A. Keeney .... "
C. J. Brown .... "
Mrs. H. H. Stevens .... Hammond

MORRIS.

A. H. & R. J. Blackwell .... Lloyd
J. M. Gillespie .... "
J. D. Campbell .... "
T. J. Van Zandt .... Morris
R. F. Robinson .... "
George Shoa .... "
John Curtis .... "
Peter Kane .... "
[illegible]
Hackwell & Keystof .... "
A. Carlson .... "
[illegible]
W. H. Weaver .... "
[illegible] Vaughn .... "
[illegible] & Son .... "
[illegible]

NELSON.

[illegible] .... Nelson
[illegible]

OSCEOLA.

[illegible] .... Osceola
[illegible]

RICHMOND.

[illegible] .... Mansfield
[illegible]
W. S. [illegible] .... "
[illegible]
M. H. Shepherd .... "
[illegible]

UNION.

E. E. Howe .... Roaring Branch
[illegible]
Potter & Wiley .... "
G. S. Roby .... Leolyn
F. R. Fullerson .... Gleason
D. Irwin & Son .... Ogdensburg
C. E. Lawrence .... "

WESTFIELD.

[illegible] .... Westfield
[illegible]
[illegible] .... Potter Brook
[illegible]

WELLSBORO.

[illegible] .... Wellsboro
[illegible]
R. W. Peller & Son .... "
[illegible]
E. R. Fischler .... "
F. L. & R. H. Smith .... "
D. S. Carson .... "
O. W. Nash .... "
Geo. M. Spalding .... "
W. R. Phelps .... "
Fred C. Goodidge .... "
W. L. Bailey .... "
Max Bernkopf & Bro .... "
G. C. & F. A. Brooks .... "
G. C. & F. A. Brooks .... "
Equity Co-Operative Exchange .... "
Joseph Perlman .... "
E. B. Dorr .... "
W. H. Thurber .... "
F. C. Etner .... "
Wm. Sheldaeller .... "
John Chamberlain .... "
[illegible]

W. F. Kerrick .... "
S. H. Keeney .... "

WHOLESALE.

Union Products Co. .... Mansfield
E. C. Wade .... "
Union Products Co. .... Middlebury
C. D. Davis .... "
H. Z. Frde .... Westfield
Atlantic Refining Co. .... "
Gilbert Product Co. .... Knoxville
Union Products Co. .... "
J. C. Beach .... Sabinsville
Atlantic Refining Co. .... Covington
[illegible] Refining Co. .... Millerton
Atlantic Refining Co. .... Wellsboro
Fay L. Boyd .... "
Joseph Perlman .... "
J. W. Thomas .... "

EATING HOUSES.

L. J. Blanchard .... Covington
G. W. Safford .... Morris
James McKechnie .... Blossburg
J. G. Farley Co. .... "
A. H. Vesbury .... Mansfield
[illegible] .... Knoxville
C. H. Fiel .... "
Don Oneil .... Osceola
C. M. Graves .... Elkland
Elkland Bakery .... "
J. L. Traver .... "
[illegible] .... "
Ralph Roff .... Wellsboro
W. H. Thurber .... "
Dort & Wilcox .... "
Lewis Coles .... "
Harry Welch .... Westfield

BILLIARDS AND POOL.

E. D. Welliver .... Morris
Mark Davis .... Morris Run
Mark Davis .... Blossburg
W. S. Safford .... "
F. J. Kinney .... "
H. Mattison .... Lawrenceville
L. H. Decker .... Tioga
W. W. & L. H. McNaughton .... Westfield
C. F. Brown .... "
J. R. Wilcox .... Knoxville
W. A. Draucker .... "
E. R. Dunham .... "
E. M. Wetmore .... Elkland
Clark Lamon .... "
Dort & Wilcox .... Wellsboro
[illegible] & Co. .... Wellsboro
H. B. Button .... "
[illegible]

PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

[illegible] .... Arnot
[illegible] .... Blossburg
[illegible]
[illegible] .... Mansfield
[illegible] Bros .... Lawrenceville
[illegible] .... Tioga
[illegible] .... Westfield
[illegible] .... Westfield
[illegible] .... Knoxville
[illegible] .... Elkland
A. H. Dort .... Wellsboro

[illegible] AND BROKERS.

[illegible] .... Mansfield
[illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible] SATURDAY, the [illegible]

LLOYD E. BOGABOOM
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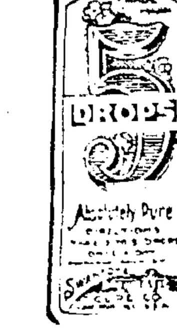

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[illegible] NEW YORK CLIPPER, New York

THE BOY FARMER

Or a Member of the Corn Club

By ASA PATRICK

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PROLOGUE

A plucky, wide awake, hustling American boy takes a worn-out and abandoned farm and gets busy with his head and his hands to renew the fertility of the soil, make a scientific farmer of himself and capture prizes as a member of the Boys' Corn club. What he did and how he did it form the plot of an up to date romance of real life that holds the interest from first chapter to last

CHAPTER I

"MOTHER" said Sam Powell "let's go back to the farm this year"

"Well I do say!" exclaimed Mrs. Powell, smiling. "What ever put that notion into your head Sam? I thought we'd had enough of farming"

Sam Powell and his mother and a sister a year younger than Sam lived on the outskirts of town and made a scanty living from the sale of butter and milk afforded by two cows and eggs and poultry produced on an acre lot. In addition to this income the family also had the rent from a little farm of twenty acres which was situated four miles from town. The amount of the rent however was so small as to be hardly worth mentioning. Year after year the land became poorer and slothful and ignorant tenants let the weeds take the crops

Sam was sixteen and he and his sister Florence attended the public school in town. Their father had been dead four years. Before that time the family had lived on the farm just mentioned. But Mr. Powell had been no more successful than his neighbors or the tenants. Not that he hadn't worked hard for there had been no harder worker in the community than Edward Powell. But something was lacking. He had been unsuccessful and the family had suffered many privations and hardships

At first the area of the farm had been 160 acres but as the farmer got deeper and deeper in debt he sold it off a piece at a time, till there were left only the house and twenty acres. Considering that there was no possibility of making a living on this amount of ground Mr. Powell would have sold it also had he been able to find a buyer. No buyer being at hand though the disheartened farmer moved his family to town and left it. Two months later he was stricken with fever and died. Then the struggle for a living fell on Mrs. Powell and the two children for Sam and Florence were large enough to be of much help to their mother

So it was with much surprise that Mrs. Powell heard Sam express the wish to go back to the farm. They lived hard now it is true but things had been worse. Her own memories of them days on the farm were anything but pleasant and she knew that Sam had not forgotten. Much as she liked stock and growing things she didn't want to go back to that life again

It was Saturday afternoon and Sam had just come in from town. His eyes were bright with the new idea he had in mind

"It's this way mother" said Sam replying to Mrs. Powell's question and comment. "Since I've been going to high school I've learned a whole lot of new things about farming. They are not new things either just the simplest facts about agriculture. Our teacher says they are the A B C's of the business but I never heard of them till our class began studying The Elements of Agriculture"

"That's what they call book farming Sam" said Mrs. Powell "and how farmers would laugh at you if they heard you talking about it"

"Some farmers might but not all of them" Sam replied. "Bill Googe might Miles Fagan would because they don't know anything about it. That's just how it is mother. The ones that make fun of scientific farming don't know what they're talking about

"Well Miles Fagan is a hard worker and so was your father. I don't believe anybody ever worked harder or could do more than them two"

"It's not all in hard work though. The main thing is in knowing how to work. We are just now learning how. Some don't know how yet and won't try to learn. It wasn't father's fault but he failed because no one knew anything about the new farming then. But that's why father failed and Fagan is farming just like father did. He's got the chance to learn better but won't do it. Bill Googe won't work much of course but he'd do a lot better if he tried the new way"

"What is this new way? I thought farming was farming"

"It would take a long time to explain it all" said Sam "but it mostly depends on what kind of soil you have how you plow it and how you plant and cultivate your crops"

"Did you learn all this out of the book on farming?" asked Mrs. Powell

"Well, I've learned a good deal from the book," Sam explained, "but not all I know. The government has appointed an agent for this county, and he is [illegible] to spend part of his time here [illegible] meeting the farmers and [illegible] I had him make two talks [illegible]. He's [illegible] for me to go [illegible] He [illegible]

neighbor [illegible] is like Bill Googe [illegible] Miles Fagan and he wants me to show them [illegible]. He says he'll help me every way he can

"[illegible]" said Mrs. Powell "[illegible] like to go back on the [illegible] but the [illegible] and I'm afraid we'll make a failure"

"Well a failure couldn't hurt us much mother" said Sam. "It's all a gamble [illegible]. But we won't fail. That land's not worn out. If I can't fix it so that it raises twice as much as the [illegible] any farm around there then we'll move back to town and I'll never say another word about farming"

"But we have no team" objected Mrs. Powell "and what would we do for supplies?"

"I'll get Bill Googe to break the land. I won't need a team for anything else. The old tools father had will do and the horse and spring wagon we have will be all right for what hauling there is. The pasture will save a lot of feed for the cows and I think we can fix it so as to keep our milk and butter customers. I've already seen about the supplies. Mr. Wilson said that he'd let me have [illegible] and seed or anything I have to have on credit"

"I'm afraid your mind is too changeable Sam" said his mother. "You know you've been talking of being a merchant. Have you changed your mind about that?"

"Yes I have mother. You see I knew what farming in the old way was like and I didn't know there was any other way. I thought it would always be like it has been and I didn't want any more of it in mine. That's why I thought about being a merchant. But things have changed. People are learning a new way to farm and it's going to be the freest and surest paying business there is"

"Well then" Mrs. Powell agreed at last "we'll try it one year"

"Good!" exclaimed Sam delightedly. "You just watch me get busy. I'm going out to the farm next Saturday"

The next week was an important one for Sam. He told his teacher and a few friends about his plans and the

"That's what they call book farming Sam"

latter were much interested. Some said that they would like to go to the country themselves

"Well you can come out to see me when you have time" Sam told them. "That won't be like living there but it will be a change"

"I'll be there for one" exclaimed Joe Watson

"I for another" said Andrew White

"Same for me I tell you Sam" Fred Martin added. "I'll come"

"Of course" Sam explained "It may be so sometimes that I can't show you a good time. I'll be pretty busy but you know you can make free around me. I can always tell you where the good fishing holes are in the creek and where the wild blackberry patch is located. I guess you can make out if I do that. If I get [illegible] the watermelons are [illegible] would have [illegible] have me [illegible] show you what to do to them, would you?"

"Not on your life" they all exclaimed at once and laughed

"What that [illegible]" said Joe Watson his mouth watering at the thought of the berries and the melons

"Say though Sam" Fred Martin spoke up suddenly "you don't think we're going to come out there and loaf around and have a good time while you are at work do you?"

"Well I don't see anything wrong in it."

"Maybe not, but we'll not do that way, just the same. I'll tell you what we'll do. Any time that you have work on hand when we come out we'll help you out so that you can take a half day off."

"That's the idea," seconded Andrew. "If we come out Saturday morning, say, and work till noon you could take the [illegible], couldn't you?"

"Well, I should think I could," [illegible] Sam. "But I wouldn't like to have you work for me for nothing"

"Oh don't worry," said Joe. "We'll get paid. We'll take it out in watermelons"

"I didn't know that you liked to work so well" said Sam. "You might as well go out with me next Saturday. We're not going to move until next spring but I must mend the fences and get the ground in shape"

"Sure we'll go," they all said. "Where'll we find you and what time shall we start?"

"I'll be at home" Sam told them. "Come about 7 o'clock and we'll drive out in the spring wagon"

Before Saturday came around Sam could not refrain from hunting up his new friend the government agent to tell him that he was going out on the little farm for that year at least

The agent Mr. Burns was delighted at the news

"You're on the right track!"

"Well" he said "I'm glad to hear that. Miles Fagan is as they say from Missouri. He must be shown. It's just a waste of breath to talk to him. He won't listen to anything. I tried to get him to plant just one acre and cultivate it according to our methods. But he said he didn't have time for any such foolishness. He'd been farming long enough he said to know something about it"

"I tried to persuade him to allow his son Bob to join the Boys' Corn club and plant an acre of corn to be cultivated under my direction. But he wouldn't do that either and in fact he talked rather insultingly to me. Of course if it was just himself that was concerned I wouldn't bother any more with him. A man like that doesn't deserve much. But we can't afford to resent such talk from anybody, Sam. We just consider that it is because he doesn't understand and let it go. Besides it's the welfare of the whole country that we are looking after. We want to make better farmers out of the boys. We want Bob Fagan to be a more successful farmer than his father has been and you see we can do that without convincing his father so that he will let us teach Bob

"Now your farm and Fagan's join don't they?"

"Yes sir" Sam replied "there's just a fence between his field and ours"

"Do you know what he is going to plant next to your field?"

"Oh yes. He always plants corn there. Hasn't had anything else there for five years"

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Burns. "Now I want you to come down to the courthouse next Monday morning. We are going to have a meeting of the Boys' Corn club then and I want you to join. You know there is $500 to be given in prizes in this county. There is a chance for you to win about $250 on a contest acre of corn

"That is a whole lot of money" said Sam "and I am going to try hard to win the first prize though my land is pretty well run down"

"You can. Is that all right?" Mr. Burns assured him. "Of course you may not get the whole field as well fertilized as it should be but you can get the acre for corn in good condition. And I want you to lay off that acre just across the fence from Fagan's. We'll certainly show him something this year about growing corn"

"That's the poorest land on the place" said Sam

"So much the better" Mr. Burns assured him. "Fagan can't say then that your crop is due to better land"

"Oh no he can't say that for his land is much richer than mine. Mine has been neglected so long. I'll sure have to get to work on it if I'm going to make a good showing this year"

"Yes that's right. Get it fertilized and plowed deep as soon as you can. This is January. It should have been plowed three months ago. How much land have you?"

"Twenty acres but five of it are in pasture. I'm going to hire a man to plow the field as I have only one horse"

"That would be best" said Mr. Burns "but you must keep an account of all the work done on the contest acre for you know it will have to be figured in on the cost of the corn"

"I'll do that" Sam agreed. "In fact I'm going to keep books on everything crops and stock too. I want to know when I make or lose"

"You're on the right track, Mr. Burns replied. "It is just as necessary to keep books on the farm as it is in any other business, for farming is a business, Sam, and a good business too, if you do it in a business like way"

"I know that what you say is true, Mr. Burns," Sam declared. "I don't know very much about farming yet, but I'm going to learn. I want you to give me a list of books to read [illegible] study on the subject."

"Well, the first thing for you to do," suggested the agent "is to send to the state and national departments of agriculture for all the bulletins about the crops you are going to grow. You will be surprised at the number of them and at the information in them. Here are the addresses and the names of some books for you to get."

"Thank you" said Sam "and now I must be going. Bill Googe is to be in town today and I want to see him about the plowing. Goodby until Monday. I'll see you at the meeting"

CHAPTER II

SAM found Bill Googe sitting on a box whittling

"Hello Bill" said Sam. "Not working these days?"

"No you bet I ain't" answered Bill. "I got enough o' that durn crop time"

"Well, what do you find around here?" asked Sam. "I never come to town except on business"

"For one thing" Bill replied "I'm here tryin' to make some kind of arrangements fer supplies this year. Didn't make enough to quite settle up with old Jim Anderson and he's cut me off. Lots o' times though us fellers come to town to git together and talk over our troubles. Misery loves company you know, Sam. And sometimes we chip in and send off for a gallon of Old Crow. When a man gits a few swigs o' that under his belt, Sam, he jes forgits all about bein' so doggone poor and ornery"

"Yes" said Sam "and he makes a fool of himself and wastes his money and after it's over with he feels worse and is poorer than he was before"

Bill Googe was a peculiar kind of fellow. He was almost always in a good humor and you could hardly say anything to make him mad. But he didn't like to work. According to Bill it was always too wet or too dry. He spent most of his time fishing and hunting and he was a fine companion to have along on such a trip. He could tell you more funny stories than you could possibly remember. In the locality where he lived there was scarcely any lack of rain but Bill would often sit down on a log and picture in glowing colors what he'd do if he was fixed to irrigate

Bill had at one time owned the farm on which he now lived. But he got the fever to go west. At last he found a man to buy him out and he departed for the land where a man could live without working. He was gone about a year and came back broke and went on the farm he had left as a renter

All during the sunny days when the grass and weeds were flourishing and choking out the crops not a glimpse could you catch of Bill in the field but you could hear the deep mouthed bay of his hound Trailer and the sullen boom of his muzzle loader off in the woods along the creek

Bill chuckled at Sam's remark

"But let that go" Sam continued. "I didn't come down here to [illegible]. What I want to know is this. Will you plow my field for me some time [illegible]"

"What!" exclaimed Bill. "You ain't thinkin' of goin' back on that clay pile are ye?"

"Yes that's what I'm going to do"

"Well you're crazier than I thought you was. Wish I was away from out there you wouldn't ketch me goin' back. How do you think you're goin' to make a [illegible] on that farm?"

"I'm going to make it off the land of course"

"Don't you git no sich fool idea out your head" Bill exclaimed with [illegible]. "Why boy that land won't [illegible]"

"It's got [illegible] do it anyway" replied Sam. "And more than that it's going to [illegible] they're surprised. [illegible] besides [illegible] going to raise [illegible] the [illegible] corn and cotton [illegible]"

"You [illegible] do it" Bill asserted. "I know that land. You can't raise [illegible]"

"[illegible]" said Sam. "You've been on that farm a long time and I guess you [illegible] learned some things about it [illegible] but one thing [illegible] how to farm [illegible] that you [illegible] raise [illegible]"

"And [illegible] it's too dry [illegible] too wet [illegible] things right"

"[illegible] not the [illegible] raised with the [illegible] are. And I can't know [illegible] but I'm going to [illegible] do the trick [illegible] done in the [illegible]"

"Where [illegible] learn so much [illegible] like to know [illegible]" inquired [illegible] amused

"I learned [illegible] from books and from [illegible] how to farm"

"[illegible]" slapped his thigh and [illegible]

"[illegible] that's a good one" he said. "I wish Mr. Fagan could hear that. [illegible] me say it all right. [illegible] I'm not going to argue [illegible] I'm going to prove [illegible] what about that plowing [illegible] tell me when they [illegible]"

"[illegible] it [illegible] get [illegible]"

"[illegible] maybe you'd want to [illegible] ving"

"[illegible] feel with that [illegible] leave in lettin' the land [illegible] I don't plow it at all [illegible] off and plant it"

"Well [illegible] this land plowed deep and when [illegible] say deep I mean deep. How much [illegible] you charge to do the work [illegible]?"

"[illegible] You want the whole field [illegible]"

"Yes [illegible] it."

"[illegible] stumpy acre will be pretty [illegible]

"[illegible] figure on that. I'm going to [illegible] the stumps out. I heard father [illegible] man couldn't be religious [illegible] stumpy field. I believe [illegible] near right. A fellow [illegible] them out for me with [illegible]

"[illegible] out with dynamite" Bill [illegible] think there was no way [illegible] except to break your [illegible] it up. Wouldn't $20 be [illegible] for that work, Sam?"

"No. I'm willing to pay that. I'll [illegible] you know as soon as I've got the land ready for you to [illegible]. [illegible] you take for the manure at your lot?"

"Oh you won't find much there I reckon. You can have it if you'll haul it off"

"All right. I'll be after it"

Sam left Bill Googe and went down to see the owner of a livery stable

"Want to hire somebody to haul that manure off?" asked Sam pointing to a large pile that had been raked up at the back of the stable

"Well don't know exactly" said the man figuring to drive a bargain. "If you'll do it reasonable I might make a deal with you. How much a load will you haul it for?"

"I'm going to school" Sam told him "and don't have any time except afternoons after school but if you'll let me do the work along as I have time I'll haul it for 25 cents a load"

"Well I'll just take you on that bud. I've been paying 50 cents and it's too much. I don't care when you haul it just so as you keep the most of it out of the way"

"All right" said Sam. "I'll be after a load tomorrow afternoon and another next Monday"

Sam Powell hurried home delighted with his arrangements. He greased

He Greased the One Horse Wagon

the one horse wagon mended the harness and got everything in readiness for work. That night he told his mother and sister about his plans

"That land is mighty poor" he said "but I'm going to make it grow something. I'll get 25 cents a load for hauling manure from a stable downtown and I'm going to put every load of it on our farm. I'll tell you how I'm going to manage it. I'll go down and [illegible] up one evening and drive home with it, then the next evening I'll haul it to the farm. That'll be three loads a week from town and on Saturdays I'll haul manure from Bill Googe's or ashes from the gin"

"I didn't know ashes were good for land" said Mrs. Powell

"Wood ashes are" Sam explained. "They burn [illegible] at the gin and there's a little mound [illegible] ashes there. Mr. Burton [illegible] give them to me. Some [illegible] useless [illegible] easy to get fertilizer [illegible]. They don't know what [illegible]"

"Oh I'm so [illegible] to the old home [illegible] Florence. When do you think we'll move Sam?"

"I expect it will be in March or the 1st of April" was the reply

"I do hate for you and Florence to miss any of the school" said Mrs. Powell

"I'd forgotten to tell you mother" said her son "that school will be out in April. We'll miss [illegible] a week or two. They had to cut the session short because they've run out of money to pay the teachers"

"Well that's not so [illegible]" Mrs. Powell reflected. "Although you miss school just the same it really can't be helped"

The next day being Friday Sam went down to the stable after school hours and hauled the first load of manure home so as to be in readiness to drive to the farm next morning with his companions who were to be on hand at the appointed hour

Early Saturday morning the boys—Fred, Joe and Andrew—were on hand at the appointed hour. Sam soon had the horse hitched to the loaded wagon and the four boys rolled away over the gravelly road to the farm

In an hour's time they had reached their destination and the horse was unharnessed and turned loose to graze in the field. Sam found the farm in worse [illegible] than he had expected and he had expected [illegible]. Briars and bushes and tall grass grew thick along the rail fence all around the field. Here and there next to the ground rails had rotted and allowed [illegible] in ones [illegible] The [illegible] tenants hadn't taken any trouble to mend these gaps and the hogs that [illegible] had destroyed a part of the crops for two or three years

"My! There's certainly some work to be done here," Sam remarked

"What's to do?" Fred Martin asked

"For the first thing" Sam replied "this fence row is to clean out and then I'll have to cut some poles to put in the place of these rotten rails"

"Let me and Joe cut the poles" said Fred "while you and Andrew clean out the fence row. Where's the ax and how long must the poles be?"

"Go ahead Fred, you and Joe" broke in Andrew smiling. "We know you don't like the looks of these briers and bushes but we'll not kick"

"You'll find the ax in the wagon" said Sam "and you can cut the poles the same length as the fence rails. I think they're about ten feet long"

When Fred and Joe had gone down in the woods Sam brought a brier hook and a sharp grubbing hoe with which to begin work on the tangled [illegible] along the fence.

"My," he [illegible] "but [illegible] [illegible] had an eye to business Andrew when they took the chopping. It does seem like there ought to be some easier and quicker way of doing it than this"

"How long do you think it will take us?" asked Andrew

"Well I did think at first" replied Sam "that it wouldn't take long. But now since I've had a second look at it I think we won't more than get started good today"

"If we could burn it out first" suggested Andrew "it wouldn't be nearly so bad"

"No but we'd burn up the fence"

"Couldn't we follow along with water and put out the rails when they caught fire?"

"Good for you Andrew!" Sam exclaimed. "That's the very idea. The fire will burn up nearly all the bushes and briers and kill all the boll weevils and other insects that are wintering in there at the same time. That's why fence rows ought not to grow up like this. Insects live in there in winter and come out to work on the crops in summer"

"Well let's get the water and start our fire. I'm anxious to see how it works" said Andrew

"I have two barrels up at the house" Sam explained. "We'll unload the wagon and go up and haul them down full of water"

The horse was harnessed again the manure scattered and the boys were soon back with two barrels of water and a bucket. The fire was started and allowed to burn only in one direction—the way the wind carried—as Sam followed close behind with the bucket and poured water on the rails that now and then took fire. Andrew drove the wagon alongside and refilled the bucket from the barrels for Sam

Once the fire had got well started it burned rapidly and in a very short while it had gone entirely around the field. Nothing remained of the matted tangle except a few charred bushes and coarse briers. Taking the brier hook and the grubbing hoe Sam and Andrew had these all down in less than an hour

"Well that job's done" Sam exclaimed when they had finished "and it wasn't half as hard as I thought it was going to be"

"If we hadn't figured out a new way to do it though it would have been hard enough" said Andrew

"Yes" Sam agreed "we saved a lot of work there by using our minds a little. It doesn't pay to work without thinking and I'm going to mix a little of it with my work from now on. Let's drive down after a load of poles and see how the choppers are getting along"

"Hello there" yelled Fred Martin when he saw Sam and his companion driving up. "You haven't deserted that job have you?"

"No" the two replied in unison "of course we haven't deserted it. We finished it, that's all and now we're down after some poles"

"Aw get out" the two choppers scoffed. "Don't tell us you've cleared out that streak of [illegible]. Why a rabbit couldn't [illegible] that"

"No" chuckled Sam "we didn't clear quite all of it ourselves. But what we didn't the fire did"

"Oh you burned it out did you?"

"Sure we put the fire to it and the [illegible] and rabbits had to hunt a new country"

"Well Joe" Wat[son] remarked "we have got the poles [illegible] about forty of them"

"I [illegible]. My but you must have been working" Sam [illegible]. "[illegible] will be enough to [illegible] the fence I think"

When it came to mending the fence Sam had real reason [illegible] that his comrades had come with him. By himself he would [illegible] tear down [illegible] fence [illegible] which [illegible] rail was [illegible]. With help though it was the work of only a minute to pry up the corners and put in a new pole

By noon the fence had been mended all round and the boys retired to a grove of walnut trees near the branch to eat their lunches. "That's job No. 2 done" said Sam when they were seated "and goodness knows how long it would have taken me to do it if you boys hadn't come along"

"Well it wasn't very hard work" replied Fred Martin "just enough exercise in it to give us a good appetite. If you don't believe it just watch when we do to this bacon and corn bread and these onions"

"My but they taste good" said Andrew with his mouth full. "It's strange but I can't eat these at home and now there's not going to be enough of it for me"

The boys all laughed and said that they were thinking the same thing

Sam wouldn't hear to his chums working in the afternoon. He thought that they had already done enough so they strayed to gather walnuts and explore the creek while Sam went off to haul ashes and scatter them on the acre that was to be his prize patch of corn

Miles Fagan happened to pass along while Sam was at work and leaned [illegible] the fence to watch him for a [illegible]

"What's that you're putting on the land, Sam?" [illegible] asked after he had watched the boy for some time

"Ashes" Sam replied and went on shoveling

"Ashes!" Mr. Fagan questioned. "[illegible] to [illegible] do any good"

"Of course I do," Sam answered. "Most anything would do this land good. [illegible] don't you know, Mr. Fagan, that ashes are a fine fertilizer"

"No I didn't" he said "and I don't [illegible] yet"

"Well they are anyhow," Sam insisted. "[illegible] the things that crops have to have are potash and phosphoric acid. You know that ashes contain potash and they also contain some phosphoric acid. A government bulletin that I borrowed says there are about eight pounds of potash and one third as much phosphoric acid in every hundred pounds of good ashes"

"Well I didn't know they was good for anything" said Fagan "except to get lye from to make soap"

Sam wasn't proud and didn't think that he knew so much more than others, but he liked to be of help when ever he could

"Why don't you send to the department of agriculture, Mr. Fagan," he [illegible] some of the bulletins it publishes? We pay for that work and why not make use of it? They experiment and learn a whole lot of things that we ought to know. I've written for several of the bulletins"

"I don't want anything to do with such foolishness" said Fagan. "What do they know about farmin?"

"They know a lot," Sam replied, "and they're learning more every day. It's their business to experiment and find out things. You might waste two or three years experimenting to find out something that you could learn in five minutes by reading a government bulletin"

Miles Fagan merely grunted in reply

"I wish you'd let Bob join the Boys' Corn club" Sam continued. "There's a chance for him to win a big prize, and besides it'll teach him how to grow corn"

"Guess I can learn my boy how to grow corn 'bout as well as anybody" said Miles. "But Bob and that agent have been a pesterin' me to death 'bout it and I told Bob yesterday that he could [illegible] if he'd use some o' that stumpy land over there"

"I'm glad of that" said Sam and stopped suddenly. From the lower edge of the field came a boom that was like the report of a small cannon

"Well there goes some of my stumps" remarked the young farmer. "Guess I'll go down and watch a few of em jump out of the ground. I want to see how it's done"

(To Be Continued)

Lovers' Quarrels

If engaged or married people never quarrel with each other are they really in love or do they only persuade themselves that they are?

This question has been raised by a breach of promise case in which a girl who said that they had never had a single quarrel during the six years they had been engaged obtained damages against her ex-fiance because at the end of that time he failed to marry her

Interviewed by a reporter a well-known writer on affairs of love said. "If two people who see a great deal of one another ever quarrel my opinion is that they do not really care

"If a girl is truly fond of her sweetheart everything he does, no matter how trivial becomes important in her eyes and if he does things that jar on her she can not bring herself to take no notice as she would in the case of a mere friend

"Lovers idealize each other and whenever as is constantly happening, since no one is ideal the other does something commonplace it becomes repugnant and can not be passed over in silence. Then the one reproved reproaches the reprover for grumbling, and they begin to wrangle. The man says that she shows signs of nagging, and the girl says the man is censorious

"If one is late for an appointment it takes a lot of explaining on the part of the one who is late to convince the other that it really could not have been avoided

"Even then the girl begins to cry [illegible] care more for your [illegible] than you do for me [illegible] idea that he can care more for anything [illegible] than for her is a [illegible]

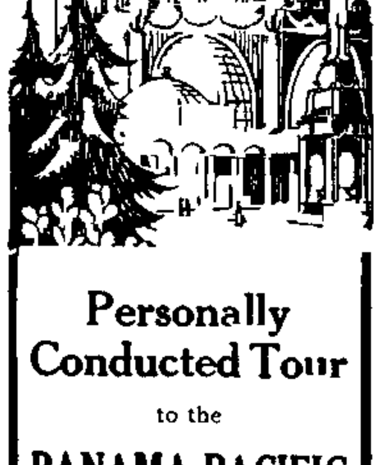
"But people never feel these emotions [illegible] things [illegible] can be [illegible] at one of the two [illegible] and the other [illegible] proud [illegible] show that he or she [illegible]"

Cement Protected Iron

Th[e] [illegible] to protect iron is [illegible] on. At least the demo[lition] [illegible] constructions has brought to light iron bars which were [illegible] covered and which have remained in perfect condition for 100 years. [illegible] a bridge erected in the 18th century was found to contain cement protected iron and the metal had not suffered from the effects of moisture

For Dandruff

There is nothing better than a shampoo with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Contains 30% pure sulphur. Healing, cleansing purifying. Sold by druggists.



Personally Conducted Tour

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PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

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Special Train Leaves May 8

$96.88

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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

For [illegible] and Complete Particulars [illegible] New York Central ticket [illegible] W. D. [illegible] Pass. Agt., New York C[entral] R. R., [illegible] Pa.

BIG GERMAN HOST HOLD CZAR AGAIN

Kaiser Sends Reinforcements to Carpathians to Aid Austrians. Battle Fiercest of War

MONDAY

The German converted cruiser, Kronprinz Wilhelm, the elusive raider of commerce in the South Atlantic, slipped into port at Norfolk, Va., at 4:20 Sunday morning and dropped anchor off Old Point Comfort in the midst of the Atlantic fleet of the American navy.

The Kronprinz Wilhelm had only 21 tons of coal in her bunkers and asked for fuel and provisions. "We got in without being seen by the enemy and we can get out the same way," declared her commander.

Many times reported destroyed, the former North German Lloyd liner had evaded hostile warships for eight months while she sent fourteen merchantment to the bottom. Her officers said she was forced to steal her way past four allied cruisers off the Virginia capes to reach this refuge.

Of the fourteen ships that the fifteen thousand ton cruiser sank, nine were British, four French and one Norwegian. The value of these ships and their cargoes, officers of the Wilhelm estimated at $7,000,000.

In her raid of the seas since she slipped out of New York harbor, Aug. 3 last, as a German merchant and passenger steamer, the Kronprinz Wilhelm never touched land and took 960 prisoners from various vessels destroyed.

The French offensive in the Woevre, which, according to official reports from Paris, continues to make progress, although the Germans reiterate that all the French attacks have been repulsed, it is believed, is only the prelude to a general effort in the West.

With the two general staffs in direct conflict, it is difficult to guage the results of the fighting. Military experts in London, however, express the conviction that the Germans will be compelled to send reinforcements to strengthen their wedge, which is being attacked on both flanks and that as soon as this movement begins, the allies will strike at the point thus weakened, and perhaps at the whole line.

Troops of the allies occupy battle fronts whose length totals 1,656 miles according to a compilation made by a Paris paper. In the western arena, according to these figures, the French occupy 540 miles of trenches, the British 31 miles and the Belgians 17 miles.

In the eastern theater, the Russians face a front of 851 miles, while the Serbians and Montenegrins are fighting along a line which measures 217 miles.

Great demonstrations in favor of Italian intervention in the war lead to serious disorders Sunday at Rome and collisions with the police, according to a dispatch from the Italian capital to the Exchange Telegraph Company. Rigorous measures were taken to suppress the manifestations, and many persons were arrested.

TUESDAY

With the capture by the Russians of Hill 992 and the rest of the main chain of mountains, the battle of the Carpathians, which has lasted upward of eighty days, has apparently come to an end over one extensive front, for the Russians are now moving by railways and roads and along the rivers and streams down the southern slopes toward the plains of Hungary.

This movement, if it continues successfully will, in the view of the Russian military authorities, compel the retirement with little or no fighting of the Austrians and Germans who are still north of the Carpathians, to the east of Uzsok pass and in Eastern Galicia and Bukowina.

The battle which has been thus successfully conducted by the Russians was, from all accounts, one of the fiercest of the war, and the manner in which the Russians overcame the difficulties of mountain fighting in mid-winter has been the subject of praise by those who witnessed the operations or are acquainted with the country traversed.

Les Eparges, occupied on April 9th by the French after a series of desperate engagements costing countless lives, has again come under the fire of the German guns. It was around this point that the Germans, according to a French official report, lost 30,000 men in two months' fighting. It is here that General Joffre, the French commander, is bringing his strength to bear on the German wedge to force it out of the allies' side, so that the allied line that stretches in front of the great German fortress of Metz may be straightened.

After a lull of two days the Germans prepared for their counter-attacks on Les Eparges by a severe bombardment and a heavy rifle fire; then in the early hours of the morning they advanced on the position, which the French had made even stronger than when the Germans held it, but were forced to retire. The extent of this offensive is not known, but it has been reported that the Germans look upon this position, which commands the plain of the Woevre, as one of great importance and further attacks may be looked for.

The British steamer Wayfarer, a six thousand ton vessel which had been in the Liverpool-Galveston trade for ten years, and had recently been requisitioned by the British government, has been towed into Queenstown and beached with a great rent in her side caused by a German torpedo. One hundred and twenty men from the Wayfarer have been landed at Falmouth.

WENESDAY

Two gateways into Hungary still remain barred despite the tremendous hammering by the Russian forces and as the Beskid pass is the less important of the two strategically, a further advance into Hungary hangs upon the possession of Uzsok pass where the invaders are meeting with the most stubborn opposition. Several days ago the Russians captured a position which gave them command of a road leading to the rear of Uzsok pass, but since then, the Teutonic allies have checked the movement in this direction.

The people of the dual monarchy are said to be greatly cheered by the number of German reinforcements passing through Budapest, on the way to the Carpathian front to take part in the operations, which are now believed to be in charge of the German general staff. The whole campaign in the East pivots on Uzsok pass, where the Austro-German forces are in such great strength that the efforts of the Russians to reach the Hungarian plains are likely to be prolonged.

In the West, the French apparently are satisfied with their recent successes between the Meuse and the Lorraine frontier, and claim only to have come in contact with the German entanglements in this region. Official German reports assert that determined attacks by the French have been repulsed along this section.

Virtually no session of the British parliament since the opening of the war has been awaited with keener interest than the sitting which will begin to-day. A "dry" England, unknown except for a period of two years 150 years ago, is not beyond the possibilities, but the government has given not the slightest official hint as to what action may be expected in its undoubted determination to attack the problem restricting the consumption of alcoholic liquors.

Several days ago an opposition paper published a forecast of the government plan, which, it asserted, contemplated the prohibition of all liquors, except light beer, which would be manufactured by the government.

This prediction has received some confirmation from a government organ, which declared that the entire business of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors is to become a government monopoly.

LOCAL GLEANINGS.

Many Items of Interest From Nearby Towns and Neighboring Counties.

—Lycoming county has a debt of $250,000, the Commissioners having clipped $9,000 interest bearing bonds from the amount last week.

—James G. Wakley, of Knoxville, former landlord of the Potter hotel at Middlebury Center, has gone to New York city, where he has secured a position.

—F. E. Dewey, of Gaines, and Miss Delilah Gorton, of Galeton, were married on April 3, at the Lake street Presbyterian manse in Elmira by Rev. R. Lew Williams.

—The firm of Urell Brothers at Tioga, dealers in general merchandise, has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by T. M. Urell.

—Herbert Slocum, of Little Marsh, and Miss Josephine Frazier, of Butler Hill, were united in marriage at the Baptist parsonage in Troupsburg, N. Y., April 1st, by Rev. Symonds. They will reside at Little Marsh.

—Thomas G. Ward, of Williamsport, has signed a contract with the Jerseyfield Lumber Company at Buffalo to stock 200,000,000 feet of hardwood saw logs. It will require eight years to complete the contract.

—Bryant H. Woodhouse, of Addison, N. Y., and Miss Mabel Seeley, of Elkland, were married at Detroit, Mich., April 6th. Mr. Woodhouse is a traveling salesman and his bride is a talented and popular young lady of Elkland.

—Mrs. J. W. Soper, of Roseville, died last Wednesday at her home in that place, of pneumonia. She is survived by her husband, five sons and a daughter. Mr. Soper conducts the store formerly owned by the late C. B. Hanyen at Roseville.

—Three woodsmen who were arrested for running a "pig's ear" at Masten, Lycoming county, plead guilty to the charge. On Monday they were sentenced by Judge Whitehead to pay fines of $100 each and serve nine months in the county jail.

—While plowing on the A. J. Gamble farm at Level's Corners, a wallet which Gamble dropped plowing four years ago was turned up one day last week. It contained $75 in bills in badly decayed condition. They have been forwarded to Washington for redemption.

—Genevieve, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William VanDusen, of Westfield, poisoned her dog the other day while playing "doctor." The child found some strong tablets, which contained strychnine, and fed them to the dog, which died in a short time.

—The Public Service Commission at Harrisburg last week approved the lighting contract of the Jersey Shore Electric Company to furnish light for the borough. The contract will save the borough several thousand dollars during its period, and the borough will be better lighted, for less money.

—W. F. Putman, of Westfield, was recently admitted to the State Hospital with a piece of gristle lodged in the lower part of his throat which necessitated a very delicate operation. The esophagus was opened from the left side by Dr. DeWitt and the foreign body removed.—Blossburg Herald.

—The Potter Journal wants the annual teachers' institute abolished because "it has outlived its usefulness and the expense and time seem out of proportion to its benefits." It urges that special instruction, which was at first needed, has been superseded in most instances by professional training, and the institute has grown to be more a week of entertainment, vacation and general good time.

—Teachers will be interested to know that Dr. Nathan C. Schaffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has indorsed woman suffrage. Dr. Schaeffer told the teachers of Harrisburg at their recent institute that when the opportunity comes to vote on woman suffrage he will vote in its favor. "I have been in States where women vote," he said, "and I want them to have that right in Pennsylvania."

—A Lancaster county farmer sold his tobacco to a manufacturer of scrap chewing tobacco for 5 cents a pound and identified it in a two-ounce pack, which he purchased of a local storekeeper for 5 cents. He looked at the name of the tobacco and the paper it was folded in worth 1-100 of a cent, noted the wee tax, and was the more firmly convinced that he was the victim of hold-up men, not middlemen, since that tobacco, which was worth but 5 cents a pound when he sold it, is worth 40 cents a pound when he chews it, and the question now with him is, shall I stop raising, or chewing tobacco—eyther, naither or both?

BRIBERY IN PATRONAGE.

Priest Mentions President By Name in Condemning Legislative Lobbies.

During a course of Lenten sermons delivered by Rev. John J. O'Rourke at the Church of the Holy Innocents, in New York city, he included the presidential habit of using federal patronage as a club over the head of Congress among the forms of "political bribery" to be deplored.

Although the Jesuit preacher mentioned President Wilson by name, he made it clear that he was not denouncing the present chief executive's methods of influencing in particular.

Farther O'Rourke's remarks about presidential methods, the effect of dollars on United States Senators, bribe paying lobbyists, grafting city contractors, corrupt policemen and other political phenomena—all included by him under the general head of "bribery" that makes for national demoralization—were part of a sermon on the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the State.

"Turn to the city of Washington," Father O'Rourke said, after dwelling on bribery in the abstract. "When Mr. Wilson holds up before Congressmen his vast appointive powers, his patronage, in an effort to force legislation, that, too, is bribery. The words 'vote for the measure, or I will not appoint your man postmaster,' of course are not used. But the Senator or the Representative knows that unless he votes for the measure his man will not be made postmaster.

"We have had bribery, oh, everybody knows it, in the judiciary. The lobbies at Harrisburg, at Washington, at Albany are maintained for forms of bribery."

Subscribe for the Gazette—$1.50.

The mayor of Boston is a brute. So, there! The ladies in charge of the women suffrage campaign committee planned to give a series of entertainments of a strictly high order, in which "Greek interperative dancing" was a feature. The mayor sent some one around to the entertainment to get a line on things, and the Greek dancing of the what-do-you-call-it kind consisted of young ladies in flowing but awfully scant robes dancing barefoot and trying to see which one could make the most dents in the ceiling with her big toe. The mayor is just a common man, and, as we said, a big brute. He suppressed the whole thing, and says that there will be no more Greek what-do-you-call-it around that berg while he is mayor. Just how they are going to raise money if they can't kick a little is not at this time apparent.

Farm for Sale.

One hundred acre farm within a mile of the condensery in Wellsboro is offered for sale. Address Lock Box 871, Wellsboro, Pa., for particulars.

For Sale.

Two White Orpington Cockerels, Cook's strain, right from Cook's own farm; also White Leghorn Cockerels, Everlay strain; very reasonable. Inquire at No. 8 McInroy street, Wellsboro, Pa.—April 1-2t.*

Live Stock Wanted.

At the stock yards in Wellsboro. Highest market price paid for veal calves, hogs, lambs, bologna cows and beef cattle. Next shipment Saturday, April 24th.

LOUIS KENDRICK,
R. D. 6, Wellsboro, Pa.
May 1, 1914-tf. Farmers' Phone 11 AA.

Notice of Meeting.

The regular annual meeting of the members of Niles Valley Cemetery Association will be held on the grounds, MONDAY, MAY 3, 1915 at one p. m. for the election of Trustees and officers for coming year and transaction of other business.

HENRY WEDGE Secretary.

Help Wanted.

Man wanted for general farm work, good milker and able to drive team, steady and of good habits. Good wages. Enquire of or address,

SHADY BROOK DAIRY FARM.
R. V. Beaman, Prop'r.
R. D. 4 Wellsboro, Pa.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Middlebury Union Cemetery Association will be held on the grounds SATURDAY, MAY 1st, 1915. A full attendance is desired, as some important changes are to be made in the by-laws.

N. T. FRENCH,
April 8, 1915 4t Secretary.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Hammond & Hotchkiss, grocers, of Wellsboro, Pa., having been dissolved by mutual consent, all accounts due said firm should be paid to Charles Hotchkiss, who will continue the business.

W. A. HAMMOND.
CHARLES HOTCHKISS.
April 1, 1915-3t.

House and Lot for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a lot of land in Shippen township, located near the railroad depot at Marsh Creek. The lot contains from 2½ to 3 acres, one acre of which is under cultivation, upon which is situate a framed dwelling house containing nine rooms and entirely finished, a good barn, chicken-house, fruit trees and well watered. For terms apply to C. N. NORTHRUP, 308 Poplar street, Towanda, Pa., or the undersigned at Wellsboro, Pa.

SHERWOOD & OWLETT.
April 1, 1915-4t.

Executor's Notice.

Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of JOHN M. GILLESPIE, late of Blackwells, Tioga county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to Frank A. Roberts, of Wellsboro, Pa., by the Register of said county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to pay the same at once, and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same to the undersigned.

FRANK A. ROBERTS,
March 11, 1915-6t. Executor.

Administratrix's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted by the Register of Wills of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, upon the estate of CORNELIA N. FISCHLER, late of Delmar township, Pa., said county, deceased, to the undersigned, and all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and all persons who have lawful claims against the same are required to make the same known without delay to the undersigned.

KATE E. CAMPBELL,
Administratrix.
Wellsboro, Pa., R. D., March 11, 1915-6t.

Auditor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Tioga county, to report distribution of the funds in the hands of E. H. Owlett, Esq., Administrator of the estate of Fred A. Cruttenden, late of Richmond township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Wellsboro, on THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1915, at two o'clock p. m., at which time and place all parties in interest may appear if they so see fit.

CHARLES M. ELLIOTT,
April 15, 1945-4t Auditor.

Auditor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Tioga county, to report distribution of the funds in the hands of E. H. Owlett, Esq., Administrator of the estate of Susie Cruttenden, late of Richmond township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Wellsboro on THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1915, at one o'clock p. m., at which time and place all parties in interest may appear if they so see fit.

CHARLES M. ELLIOTT,
April 15, 1915-4t. Auditor.

Horses for Sale.

One pair brown mares, age 4, wt 2500; one pair bay mares, age 7 and 8, wt 2700; one pair gray geldings, age 4, wt 2600; one pair gray mares, age 4 and 6, wt 2700; one pair gray geldings, age 4, wt 2400; one pair grays, mare and gelding, age 7 and 8, wt 2600; one pair grays, mare and gelding, age 6 and 7, wt 2300; one gray mare, age 6, wt 1400; one gray mare, age 4, wt 1300; one bay mare, age 7, wt 1250; one brown mare, age 5, wt 1300; one gray mare, age 7, wt 1300; one gray mare, age 7, wt 1100; one brown mare, age 10, wt 1150; one good driving horse, age 5, wt 1150. Several other good horses not enumerated. A number of these horses have been worked here all winter. Also have several cheap horses. I also have a black Percheron stallion for service at my barn weighing 1400. Both phones.

E. G. CARSON,
April 15, 1915. Wellsboro, Pa.

Proclamation in Divorce.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. To CHARLES SCHRADER, greeting: Whereas, Margaret B. Schrader, did on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, prefer her petition to the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Tioga, Pennsylvania, praying that for causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony entered into with you the said Charles Schrader. We therefore command you that setting aside all manner of business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Wellsboro, at the Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the said county, on the fourth Monday of May next, to answer the petition or libel of the said Margaret B. Schrader, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Margaret B. Schrader, your wife, should not be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of General Assembly in such case made and provided. Hereof fail not.

Witness the Honorable David Cameron, President Judge of our said Court, at Wellsboro, Pa., the 12th day of April, A. D. 1915. Edson J. Catlin, Prothonotary.

EVAN P. REES,
April 15, 1915-4t Sheriff

$4000 Stock of Clothing, Hats, Gents' Furnishings

BANKRUPT SALE!

EVANS CLOTHING COMPANY

All High Grade and Seasonable Merchandise

Purchased by The Philadelphia Merchandising Co., who will put this high grade stock on sale at prices that Wellsboro and vicinity never heard of before or ever will again. Every price absolutely slaughtered without regard for past cost or present value. During this sale no goods exchanged, no money refunded.

Sale Opens Saturday, April 17th, 8 a. m.

and will continue for only **10 DAYS.** Everything must be sold. Our prices will do it. Here are just a few to give you an idea of how we have slaughtered prices :

ARROW COLLARS, three for 25c : : : 15 CENT SOCKS at 7c

CLOTHING

$15 and $12.50 Men's Suits,	**$7.98**
$10 and $8 Men's Suits,	**4.98**
$10 and $8 Boys' Suits,	**4.98**
$7.50 and $5 Boys' Suits,	**2.98**
$1 Boys' Pants,	**69c**
75c Boys' Pants,	**49c**

Men's Raincoats and Overcoats at Half Price

HATS and CAPS

$3.00 and $2.50 Hats,	**$1.29**
2.50 and 2.00 Hats,	**98c**
1.00 Caps,	**59c**
50c Caps,	**29c**

Belts, Neckwear, Hose and Gloves Almost Given Away

UNDERWEAR

$2 and $1.50 two-piece and Union Suits,	**98c**
$1 value,	**69c**
50c value,	**33c**

Sweaters and Overalls at about Half Price and Less

SHIRTS

Mostly Arrow Brand

$1.50 values,	**98c**
1.00 values,	**77c**
50c values,	**37c**

Umbrellas, Suit Cases, Etc. at Half Price

75 MAIN STREET EVANS CLOTHING COMPANY WELLSBORO, PA.